

THE · STAR



FEBRVARY
1928

THE STAR

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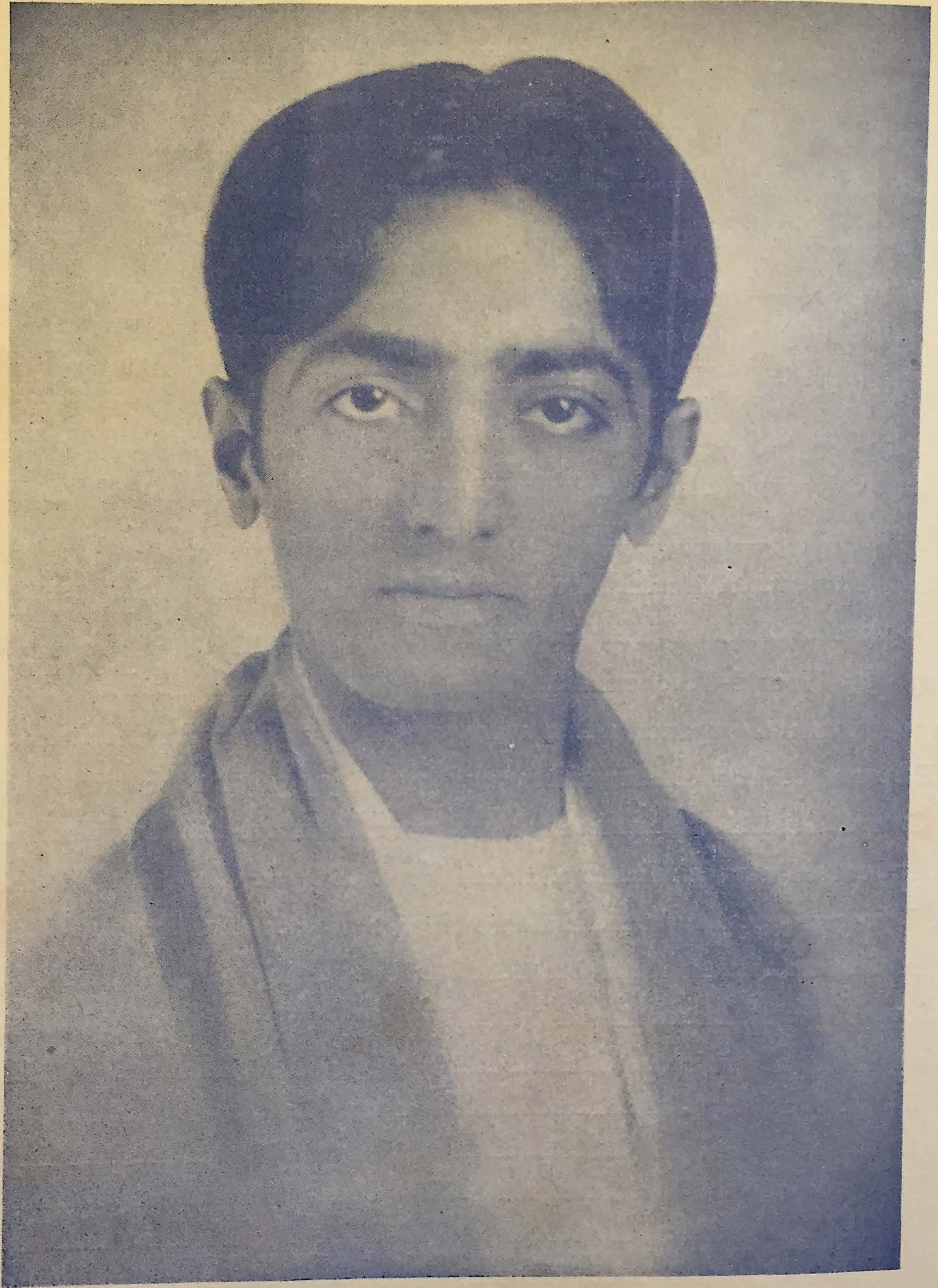
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KRISHNAJI

My Heart Dances With Thy Love

J. Krishnamurti



*THE mind well poised,
Calm, serene,
Free from the limitations of
prejudice,
My heart dances with Thy
love, O Beloved.*

*How can I forget Thy love?
As well ask the rose
To delight in summer's day
Without its tender petals.*

*How can I be separated from Thee,
O, Guru of Gurus?
As well ask the waters of the sea
To separate from its joyous waves.*

*If in this world there is loneliness,
Then, where art Thou, O my Love?*

*As the sun fills the earth
With dancing shadows and great open
spots of light,
So hast Thou filled my heart
In great abundance.*



I Look to None Beside Thee

J. Krishnamurti



*LOOK to none beside Thee,
O my Beloved.
Thou art born in me,
And lo! there
I take my refuge.*



*I have read of Thee in many books.
 They tell me
 There be many like unto Thee,
 Many temples are built for Thee,
 There be many rites
 To invoke Thee.
 But I have no close communion with
 them.
 For all these are but the shells
 Of man's thoughts.
 O friend,
 Seek for my well Beloved
 In the secret recesses of thy heart.
 Dead is the tabernacle
 When the heart ceases to dance.
 I look to none beside Thee,
 O my Beloved.
 Thou art born in me,
 And lo! there
 I take my refuge*

★ ★ ★

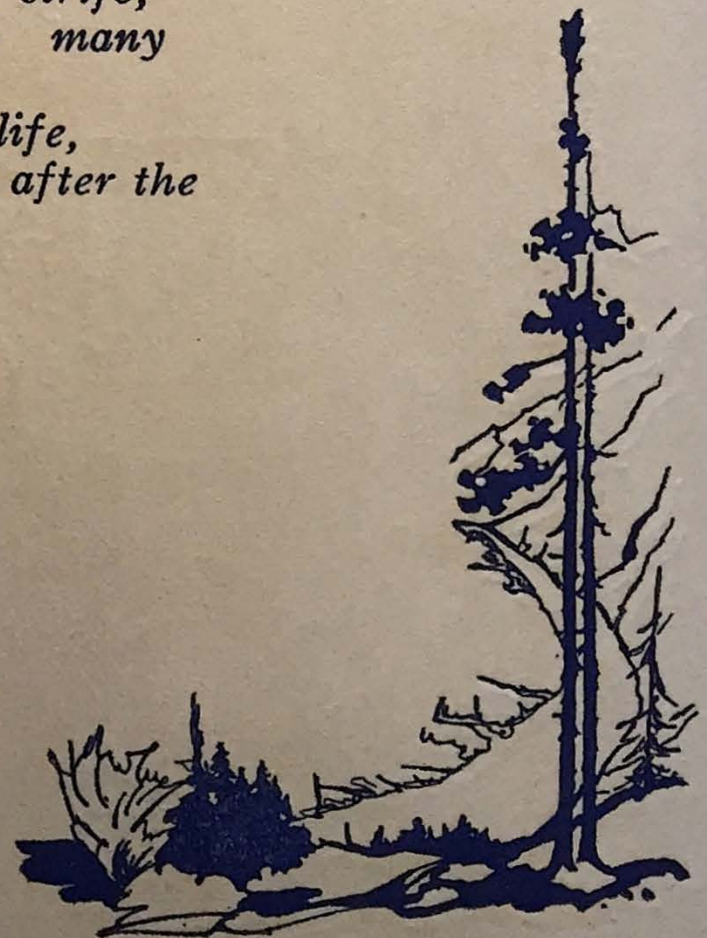
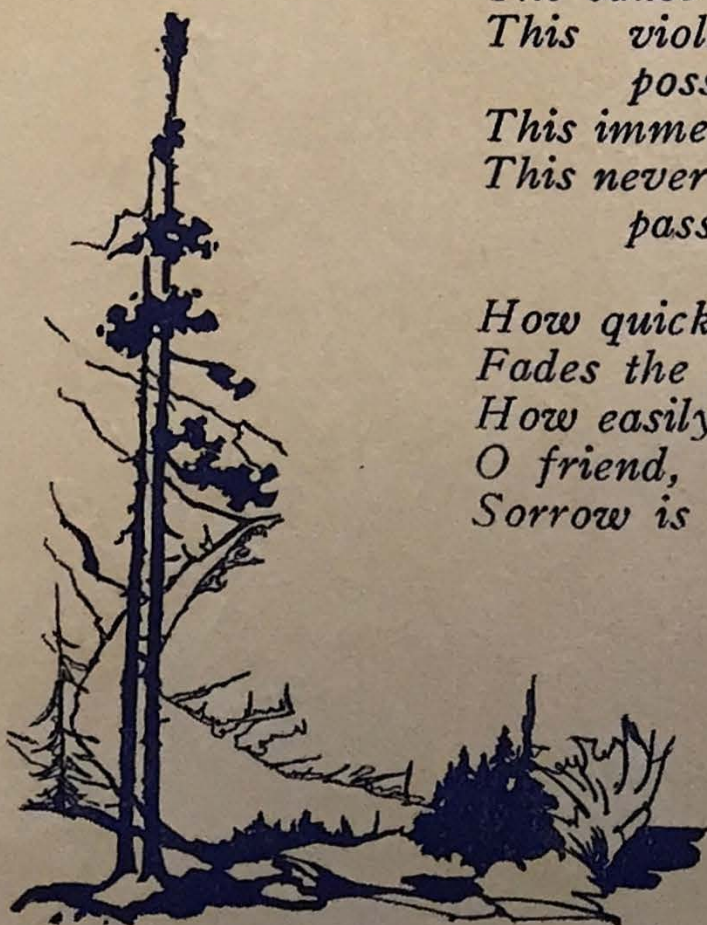
Find Thy Soul, O Friend

J. Krishnamurti



*AY, canst thou tell me,
 O friend,
 Whence comes this mighty
 assurance
 And the purpose thereof?
 The cause of this ceaseless strife,
 This violent desire for many
 possessions,
 This immense longing for life,
 This never-ending struggle after the
 passing happiness?*

*How quickly
 Fades the lovely rose.
 How easily,
 O friend,
 Sorrow is begotten.*



O friend,
 Thou wilt find thy lasting happiness
 In no temple,
 In no book,
 Nor in the intellect of man,
 Nor in the Gods of thy creation.
 Go not to holy places,
 Worship not in wayside shrines.

How easily
 The tranquil pool is disturbed,
 And the reflection thereof.

Nay, friend,
 Seek not thy happiness
 In passing things.
 Find thy soul,
 O friend,
 For there alone
 Abideth thy Beloved.

★ ★ ★

Tell Me, Which is the Real?

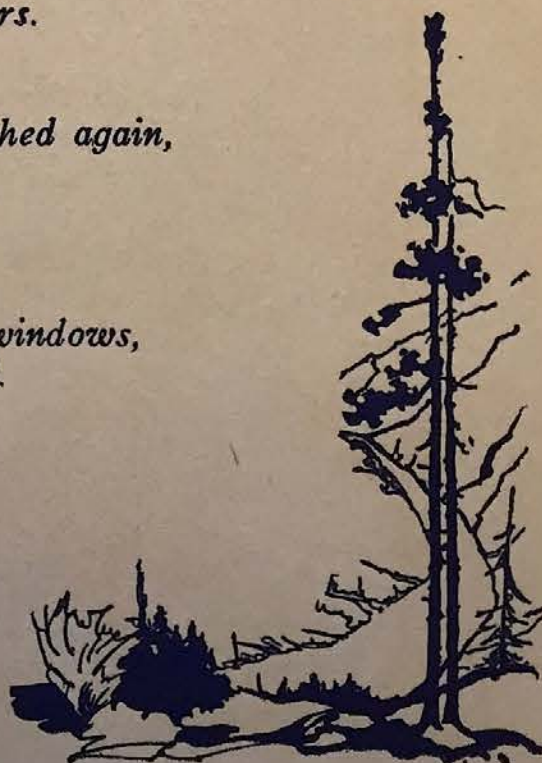
J. Krishnamurti



OW suddenly
 The still pool is disturbed!
 The passing wind
 Delights with the restless
 waters,

The Insect
 Makes patterns,
 Annoying the tranquil waters.

The reflections
 Pass away to be re-established again,
 The stately tree,
 The blue heavens,
 The swift bird,
 The heavy cloud,
 The tall house with many windows,
 Are there in the quiet pool.




*The sun, through the green leaves,
The distant stars, through immense
space,
My own face, so close,
Are there established.
O pool,
My tears disturb thy waters.
Tell me,
Which is the real?*

★ ★ ★

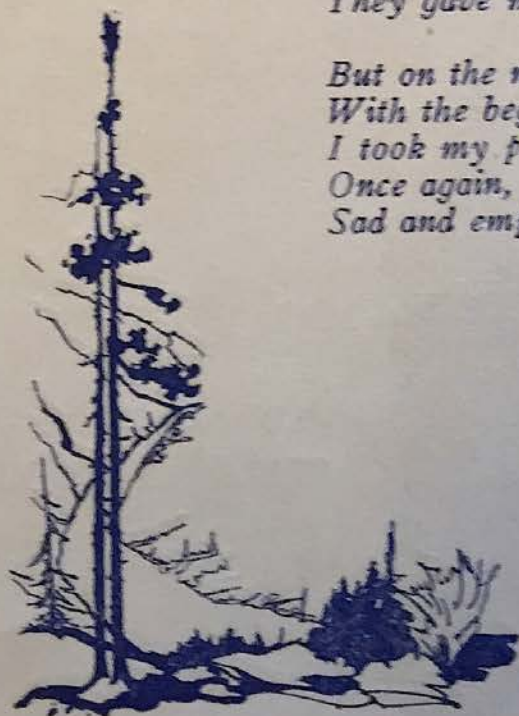
The Beggar at the Shrine

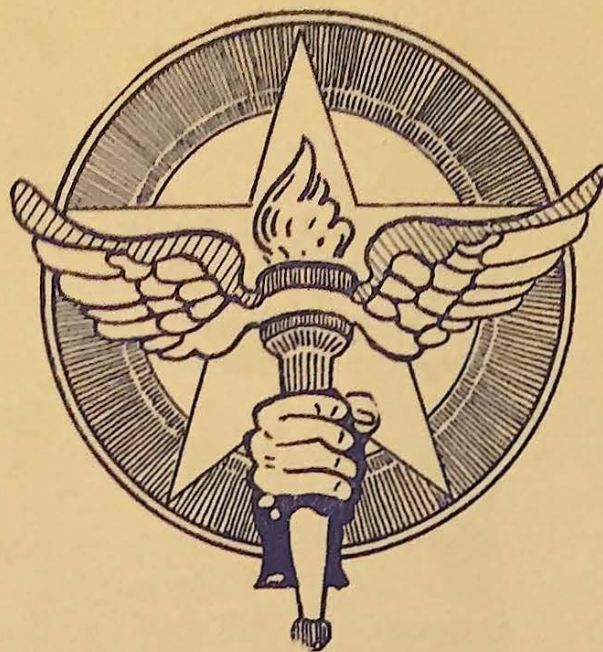
J. Krishnamurti

 *S the beggar,
Lean and hungry,
Sits on the steps of the
temple,
Shaking his empty bowl,
So have I sat
Crying for my empty heart
To be filled.*

*The worshippers
On their way to the Shrine,
With the habit of offering,
With a smile,
They gave me of their gifts.*

*But on the morrow,
With the beggars
I took my place
Once again,
Sad and empty.*





The Universal Goal*

J. Krishnamurti

UNLESS we receive the truth in the forms and in the language to which we are accustomed, we are apt to reject it and disregard it. If a truth appears through a particular window that we have kept clean—perhaps for many lives,—if it appears through that window alone we are inclined to accept it, but if it appears through another window which we have neglected, that truth we will not accept; because we have not been habituated to that form of truth, our minds and emotions are not attuned to it, and we reject it without thought, without giving it the due notice, the due consideration which it requires.

Whatever our modes of thought may be, we are still inclined to accept the truth only if presented to us in the jargon, in the form to which we are accustomed. If we belong to a particu-

lar religion, the truth must appear in the language of that religion; to the Hindu it must appear through the Vedas, through Sanskrit, through the particular forms he has been taught. It is the same with the Christian and it is the same with the Buddhist. Their minds have become narrow, their emotions limited and hence they reject the truth in whatever new forms it may appear.

Truth always appears in forms other than those to which we are accustomed, and that is where the greatness and the tragedy of it lies; the greatness because it comes unexpectedly and the tragedy because the people who are seeking for truth do not look for it in the direction where it is always to be seen. And those of us who are seeking this truth must first of all cleanse our minds and our hearts from all these narrow, sectarian thoughts and languages and philosophies.

*Beginning with this number of *The Star* we shall publish month by month the talks given by Krishnaji to the group of students assembled at Castle Eerde last summer. They have not been revised by Krishnaji himself, as to enable him to do this would have meant a delay of many months in their publication. They have been carefully read, however, by several of those who were present at the delivery of the talks and who believe them to be a correct and verbatim report of what Krishnaji said. The rather personal note—inevitable when speaking to a group of friends—represents accurately the form in which the talks were delivered.

We must not adapt truth to our particular mode of thought; if we do, it will be twisted, it will be altered. That is why it is so difficult for me to put forward my thought without watching its effect on people's minds, as shown in their faces. Some thought will be received for its own intrinsic value because people's minds are clear on that particular subject and their own hearts welcome it with enthusiasm. But those who are accustomed to receive truth

only through a particular channel, a particular form, a particular mould, will reject it under any other form and will shake their heads as if they did not understand. It means that the truth—whether it be mine or another's—is not received, cannot have proper entrance into such a mind and such a heart. And so, if I could I would invent a new language, whereby we can escape from all the familiar words, all the phraseology upon which we have been fed; from all the symbols, all the literature, sacred books, pictures, and devotions, so that we can come fresh to imbibe the truth, come clean and pure as we were at the very beginning of things, or as we shall be at the very end of all things.

If you would enjoy the scent of the flowers you must be able to breathe freely. If I could I would destroy those illusions that you have created, those barriers through which truth always finds it difficult to enter; because truth is so illusive, so timid, that only the pure and the clean can approach it and take it freely and enjoy it fully without maltreating it, without twisting it, as I fear that everyone in the world is doing. They want the truth to appear in a particular form, clothed in a particular phraseology. But truth is like a burglar that comes at night, silently and secretly, and if you have guarded all the entrances to your mind and your heart with your phraseology, with your ideas, then truth cannot enter. As I cannot unfortunately invent a new language, I would beg of you so to take what I say, having destroyed your phrases, your narrowness, your particular forms, that the truth will appear as it is, naked and pure.

As the ocean receives all the rivers of the world, so the end for all men is liberation. As the ocean receives the lean rivers that wander through the parched lands, through deserts, through lands where there are no shadows, lands that are acquainted with sorrows and pestilences; the rivers that are rich, that pass through forests, green meadows, lovely vales and peaceful countries; and the boisterous rivers that descend from mountain to mountain over

cataracts and waterfalls, abounding with noise and entering the sea with a roar; and the rivers that are acquainted with factories, with cities, with gay life, with the noise of traffic and with squalor and dirt—so likewise all people, whether they be of one type or of another, whether they be of one temperament or of another, will enter into the sea of liberation.

So everyone must establish for himself this one aim, this one purpose in life. A man has only one end. All things, living and non-living, animals, the barbarian and the civilized, the artist, the poet, the mystic, the occultist, and the man acquainted with sorrows and pleasures, the man that is Superman, the Gods and the people, have but one aim, have but one purpose, and that is liberation. Liberation is above all religions, for it is the end of all religions, it is the end of all thoughts, of all phases, of all systems, of all feelings, of all actions, and of all experiences. And when once you have established that goal, which is for everyone of us the only reality, for it is beyond the dreams of all men and beyond the dreams of all Gods, then you must mould your life and your thoughts and your feelings so that you may enter that sea of liberation. In order to realize that this sea of liberation exists, we must pass through many experiences as does the ignorant man—through sects, through all the narrow forms of religion, through societies, through worshipping of Gods, through superstitions—we must pass through all these in order to acquire experience from them all, so that we can know for ourselves that the end for each one of us is liberation.

And as a result of my talks that are going to follow, I desire that every one of you should go away having at least seen the end, having at least experienced that sense of liberation for yourselves, for I can not give you liberation. Liberation comes only from within and not from without. As beggars that sit on the steps leading to the shrine with their palsy and their emptiness and their hunger, and as each worshipper

who passes by gives them coppers, or some grains of rice, to feed them, and on the morrow they come again empty, hungry, sorrowful and weak, so is the man that is dependent on others, so is the man who has not seen the end, for he depends for his happiness, for his comfort, for his liberation upon others. As I have attained liberation I would feed you, fill your begging bowls, but, as I know they would be empty on the morrow, I would rather give you the power, the strength and the vitality to walk up those steps that lead to the holy of holies and so become yourselves gods, in order that you may feed others, in order that you may give strength and vitality to others who are empty, hungry and emaciated.

From the ancient of times, it has been my unconscious, and now conscious, purpose to attain liberation and I have felt for many months that I have broken all the bars and that I am now free to go where I would, mentally and emotionally—perhaps not physically, but that is the last thing to worry about, the physical is the least important. It is a release for which I have worked for many lives, for which I have striven all through this life and especially during these last six months. I wanted to be free—from my own friends, my own books, my own systems of thought, my own philosophies; and I think—not only think, I know—that I am free and since I have gained freedom, it is for me to point out the way, the way that leads to this liberation, to this freedom. And it is for every one of you, whatever you be, whether mystics, ceremonialists, poets, painters, musicians—it is for you to walk towards that end, to gain your experience from your own temperaments, tendencies, inclinations and so arrive at that one particular goal which is for all and which is the end for all things.

It would be advisable if you could, from the very beginning, establish in your minds and in your hearts what it is that each one of you desires; for understanding is born out of the desire to attain that thing for which you earnestly long. Understanding comes,

both intellectually and emotionally, if your desire for an object is strong enough, if your longing is poignant enough, and so the first thing you should do is to establish that desire which will act as the needle in the compass to guide you throughout your particular wandering on that path which leads to liberation. And the next thing is to find out, to establish, if it is your own desire or if it is my desire. Most people, through their intense devotion, become like birds in a cage. They are caught by their devotion and so are held, dependent always on the person to whom their devotion goes. So, irrespective of the individuality of the person, irrespective to your devotion to that person, you must establish for yourselves this desire, which must naturally be born out of your own experience.

What I am saying now, what I shall say during the next few weeks, is the outcome of my experience, which is the experience of all. For I know that in past lives I have been married, I have been a ceremonialist, I have been a wanderer, I have been lost, I have been sorrow-laden, and everything in turn. I have spun the wheel of life, and out of that spinning I have woven my own desire, my own longing for liberation, but it is of my own creation, my own longing, and hence nothing in the world can destroy it. Similarly, with those of you who desire to become the disciples or followers or lovers of this liberation, you must establish out of your own experience, this desire that shall be your own guiding point. That desire must not depend on me, on my authority, my individuality, for if tomorrow I go away you will be lost. You ought to be free not because of me but in spite of me. Perhaps I may help some of you to attain your liberation; I can give you of my love, of my burning desire, but inside you there must be the constant fluttering of the wings to escape into the open air. It must be your own desire, your own experience, your own flower of suffering, sorrow and pain that shall guide you. And that suffering, that pain and that sorrow are mine

just as well as everybody's. What I am saying, what I am singing, is your own experience given through my mouth, and that is the only truth that is of value. The dust of experience which I have gathered, which has released me, out of which I have built the mountain on which I live, is the same experience as yours. I have had the same longings, the same burnings as you, and there is only one end for all, because my end is your end, my goal is your goal, my attainment, my happiness, my liberation, is your attainment, your happiness, your liberation.

Most of you here are inclined to depend on me for your liberation, to quote me as the supreme authority for this liberation, and use me to cudgel others. If you do this you will have failed to realize the reason for which I have come, not understanding what I want to put before you. You may create many temples after I am dead, but you will never create those temples while I am living. It always happens that the moment the truth decays or is in the process of decaying, people begin to build walls around it but I am living and no one is going to build a temple around me. The moment you build a temple you are limiting that liberation which is meant for all.

And so it is my desire that you should not be mesmerized by anything I say, because if you are put to sleep by my words or by my thought, by my desires, by my longings, you will be just as much in prison or even more so than you were before you came to this place. You have been put to sleep by other people, by other thoughts, by other systems, and since liberation is the end for all, whether he be a philosopher or a mystic or an occultist or any other type, I want you to establish that end within you so that you can work for it during this month. Do not be lulled to sleep by my words, by the beauty of this place, by the peace and tranquility of these woods, but be constantly struggling to attain this liberation.

So, first of all you must establish in your own minds and in your own

hearts that desire which is the outcome of your own experience. Liberation is the goal for all, for all people suffer, all people have joys, all people have pleasures, and out of those passing things, those transient things, those impermanent things, the permanent and the eternal is born—the longing for liberation. So, whether for a poor man or a rich man, whether for the sorrow-laden, comfortless and despised, or the glorified of the earth, there is only one end and that end is liberation. If you understand that and if you have it in your mind and in your heart, as the scent is in the flower always, then you will have real understanding of the purpose of life.

There is only one law for all, and that is the attainment of Liberation. Whether they worship, as they do in India, idols in dim sanctuaries, in wonderful old temples; or perform ceremonies, as they do all over the world, in gorgeous robes with incense and tinkling of bells; or whether they be mystics who desire to attain, to get into touch with the Eternal Spirit that broods over the world; or whether they be established well in many possessions—there is only one law for all. For each one seeks to escape from these binding things, out of these narrow ruts in which he is enslaved, in which he is caught, in which he is struggling like a bird to get out into the fresh air and to attain his goal. If you have not that desire for liberation for its own beauty, for its own intrinsic glory, you will be like the ship lost on the sea without the instruments that guide it; you will be caught by every wind, by every wave that comes along, and taken to all the harbors to which you have no desire to go. But the moment you have established this desire, this burning love for liberation, then you will have discovered the haven in the sea of life. And the moment you have discovered that haven, you will begin to realize that you must renounce all things, you must renounce the very things that you have held dear, the very Gods that have helped you, for liberation is above the Gods, above the

perfection of humanity. When once you have entered that haven of liberation, you become devotees, the lovers of the world, because the world seeks for this liberation and you have found it. You desire to guide all those ships that are lost at sea to that haven of solitude where there is comfort, where there is no loneliness, and so eventually you become the true disciples, the lovers, that go out into the world, to help people to understand liberation, to attain liberation.

For this reason only, in order to help you, in order to awaken that desire in you, I am here; for this reason only, that I have truly this love that can give you inspiration, so that in you is born the desire to attain that haven of liberation, I am here; and as long as you have not attained that liberation you

are like animals caught in a net. Whatever you do, whatever your actions, whatever your thoughts, whatever your ceremonies, whatever your ideas, they will act as a net to bind you more and more, to enslave you, and it is for this reason that I am here, to cut loose that binding net which is around you, so that you shall be free, and during this month I would beg of you to keep a mirror constantly before you so that it will reflect your thoughts and your emotions and see if they coincide, if they fit in with your dreams, with your ideals, with your longings; and whatever does not coincide, whatever is undesirable, should be set aside because your one longing should be freedom — freedom from everything, from the very Masters, from the very Gods, from all life and death.

Address Delivered by Krishnaji

In Salle Adyar

Paris, Sept. 27, 1927



WHEREVER you go, in whatever clime you wander, you will find that people are searching for happiness—happiness that depends on outward circumstances, happiness that they can comprehend for a fleeting moment, happiness that is continually changing.

That happiness is the lot of the majority of people throughout the world. That happiness, which they consider so essential, so vital in their life, is fleeting, changing, variable from time to time. But nevertheless there is in the mind and heart of every individual a distinct idea, a distinct longing to find the real happiness which exists behind this veil of transient things.

This evening, it is my intention to show that this happiness is not objective but subjective. But in order to understand the subjective, you must have had experience of the objective. Because if you have not seen the world, if you have not tasted of the world,

the world attracts you to such an extent that you will not be able to withdraw into yourself and find there the source of this happiness.

To me, there is only one purpose in life, and that is the attainment of this Kingdom of Happiness which is to be found within each one and which can only be attained through the rejection, renunciation or conquest of the physical.

You will find, wherever you go, that people are searching for this happiness which is permanent, lasting, eternal. But they are caught up like a fish in a net—in an evil net—by the transient things around them, by the so-called troubles, by attractions, by dislikes, by hatreds, by jealousies, by all these petty things that bind. It is as if they were in a garden where there are many flowers. Each flower is trying to expand, to live and give out its scent, its beauty, its desires, to show the world its full growth. While in the process of opening himself, of

attaining, of expanding, man loses himself, in the external. Hence there is complication, he has to distinguish from the beginning what is essential and what is not essential.

Now, having established as a premise for the moment, that every one is searching for happiness, let us look around to see what is happiness.

Every one, whoever he be, a Hindu, a Buddhist or a Christian, is bound by his own particular religion, because each religion puts forward the idea that if one does good one will go to Heaven, if one does evil one will go to Hell.

But there is no such thing as good or evil: there is only ignorance and knowledge; and hence, the attainment of knowledge, of perfection, of truth, lies within each one, and for this attainment experience is necessary.

In accumulating this experience we must never forget the end, which is the end for all, whether they belong to a particular religion or to none: the purpose of life is the fulfillment of this happiness, the attaining of this happiness by liberating one's self from all petty desires, from all that is binding, from all restrictions.

If you once admit that the purpose of life is that freedom from all desires which culminates in one fundamental desire—that is, eternal happiness—you see that man's search for happiness through transient things is in a way necessary.

This happiness, we know, exists. We have seen it in the peace, in the great image, of a wonderful view in front of us; we have had such happiness in us and we can never doubt it.

If you admit that life exists for the attainment of happiness, you must set aside everything else which has no value in order to attain it.

My business, this evening, is not to lay down regulations, dogmas or creeds, but to point out the goal for humanity, for the artist as for the scientist, for those who belong to a religion or those who belong to none; happiness, the happiness which gives liberation, is the end for all humanity.

Now, you cannot go to the savage, the barbarian, the unevolved and tell them that the goal of life is this eternal happiness; because they have not as yet acquired enough experience by which they can build the structure of that eternal kingdom. You cannot by a miracle change them, or, by your attainment, by your life, your desire, force them to enter that kingdom. But it is for the man who understands the purpose of life to show the way, to be as a lighthouse on the shore of a dark sea.

In finding this happiness, in attaining this liberation which each one of us desires, we must first establish that this kingdom, this abode, this garden, exists in each one of us, in ourselves. There is no external God, as such, who urges us to live nobly or to live basely; there is but the voice of our own intuition which continually by experience, by practice, tells us to live nobly. It is this experience which gives us knowledge, which gives us the judgment to weigh in the balance things which are right or wrong.

If you watch a sculptor at work, you see how with soft clay, little by little, filling cavities, he creates a face full of vitality.

Likewise in human life: it is by this process of accumulating experience, life after life, that we learn to hear the voice within us, which will guide us.

There are in each one of us three separate entities. There is the mind, which can be compared to a flower; and the emotions, which are as the water that gives power, life, vitality and scent to the flower; and there is the body, which is the vase that holds the flower.

If you will imagine that each one of you has within you these three entities, each trying to create on its own, to perfect itself on its own, you can see that there will always be disharmony when there is not absolute union between the three.

So you will see that in establishing harmony, comprehension, synthesis, synthetic understanding between the three, you must have an end to which

the three will agree. And so the first thing that we should control is the body, because the body is the basis, because it wishes to function on its own and interferes with the working of the other two. And so we must gradually learn to train the body, to control it and to make it obey the mind and the emotions.

Each one of you knows well enough that the body should be controlled and mastered, but everybody does not know that the body is a separate entity with its own desires, its own longings, and that it should be brought into line with the two other bodies.

Likewise with the emotions: there must be, if you are to have that eternal happiness that does not change, that has no limitations, there must be such emotions as are impersonal. For that you must have affections; you must have love that is impersonal. For if you have affections that bind, then you are limiting yourself, your affections, your life, and the result is always the creation of karma.

Karma means that every action, whatever it be, every thought, whatever it be, bears its fruit; and as long as there is karma you cannot attain that absolute happiness to which I am referring.

Then there is the mind, which is the guide, which weighs and balances, which is always criticising, investigating, probing, which is able to distinguish and to weigh.

The mind, emotions and body must be in absolute harmony, in absolute union; then you will establish in yourself that voice which will be your true guide. That guide is called intuition, and it is in itself the fulfilment, the end which is God—if I may use that word. That voice is the result of experience. You must have experience in order to cultivate that voice, in order to make it powerful. That is the purpose of experience—not the mere pleasure which experience gives.

When that voice is sufficiently strong, when that voice—the result of accumulated experience—is obeyed and you yourself become that voice, then you

are God. For there is no external God; there is only the God perfected through your own experience.

You see, wherever you go, that everybody is denying authority, because people desire to evolve, to find out, to experience for themselves and so develop their own faculties, their own intuition.

Hence, if you obey, you will find that you are creating more trouble for yourself; but I do not desire that you should create a revolution, because it would mean that you are not obeying the law of harmony.

You will see that what you have as your own experience, your own knowledge, shows the way to live. That is the only guide; there is no other guide, no other God, no other ruler.

But you will say: "What about the barbarian who has not sufficient experience to see that his voice or intuition is correct?" There is much misery in the world because the man who thinks he understands urges other men to understand. So the barbarian, the savage, who has not sufficient knowledge, should not be forced but given the opportunity to understand.

So, the most important thing is to uncover this God within each one of you. That is the purpose of life: to awaken the dormant God; to give life to the spark which exists in each one of us, so that we become a flame and join the eternal flame of the world.

For many years, perhaps for many lives, it has been my constant search, my constant demand, to find out Truth. Because whatever you have in objective, in tangible form, is destroyed, and one loses one's self; one is lost in these transient things while in search of the Eternal.

In order to find this Kingdom, to awaken that God, to give him power, one has to set aside all things in search of Truth.

So you will see that life is *one* in all individuals, because in each individual there is a spark, dormant or awakened. And with the establishment of individual peace, individual attain-

ment, comes world peace, world attainment.

The purpose, the manner of attaining this happiness, of gaining this liberation, is in your own hand. It does not lie in the hand of some unknown God, or in temples, or in churches, but in your own self. For temples, churches and religions bind, and you must be beyond all dreams of God in order to attain this liberation. So, in order to attain this Kingdom of Happiness in each one of you, you must have strength, courage, knowledge, to distinguish between what is lasting and what is impermanent.

You see that you should make life very simple, without so many complications, so many wants, so many desires. There should be fewer Gods, fewer temples. Not that they are bad or good; but in yourself lies the power of God, in yourself is the Kingdom of Happiness into which you will retire to build your own image of happiness and eternity.

So you will see that life is *one* in worship externally, outside, do not give enough strength, enough vitality, to the man who desires to establish the truth permanently. They may, by your adoration, your love, momentarily give satisfaction, but will never establish that truth after which you are looking.

Consider for a moment how, when some one you love is taken away by death, no God will satisfy that separa-

tion. But if you are able to become united with the one who is lost, there is no necessity for a mediator. And in establishing this union you can only help by the destruction of the separate entity, of the separate being which you call "I" or "myself."

So you will see from the beginning that in establishing harmony between the three bodies in each one of you, it is essential that you destroy the sense of separateness. Because, if there is not that conquering of the self, the self always creates karma by its particular desires, its own individualistic wants, and hence there is misery and constant change.

Those who desire this lasting happiness, this awakening of the God in each one, must set aside all things, renounce all things; their religion, their God, their parents, everything, in search of this truth.

If you would desire that water that will quench your thirst, give you freedom from all things, you must set aside everything except the Eternal. In setting aside the impermanent, the transient, the fleeting and the passing, you will attain the eternal, the permanent, the lasting. For in the permanent is the only happiness, and there is the eternal, the truth. In the permanent is established, is seen, the only God in the world—your self that has been purified.



His Glory in Us

Lady Emily Lutyens



STOOD on a hill-top at evening and watched the sun setting across the plain. The mountains turned from indigo to purple, darkly outlined against the crimson sky. The grey fleecy clouds, presaging rain, reflected the glory of the setting sun and turned to rose and red. The sky took on unimaginable beauty of flaming gold and blue and green and deepest crimson. The tall trees stood like sentinels in the valley, their branches like black lace against the sky. Over the world descended a vast peace, the whole of Nature worshipping its Lord.

And I saw that while all things derive their glory from Him, He without them is less beautiful. The mountains stand in their strength and loneliness, turning their backs to the sun, and their darkness adds glory to His light. The grey clouds put away their gloom to reflect His joy and gladness. The sky is decked in many colored garments that each may reveal some portion of His loveliness.

In darkness or in light, in strength or in weakness, each can reflect a part of His glory and help to paint the flaming picture on the sky. The spirit of worship and utter consecration fills the beauty of the sunset hour.

And I thought of Him, the Teacher, who comes to paint a picture on the world and that He will need, to stand around Him, disciples, to be the colors He may use in the painting of that picture. He is the central Sun, from Him we all derive our life, but ours the hearts, the hands, and voices which He will need to help Him in His work.

He asks from each his gift. Strength from the strong, the power to stand alone, the willingness to be in the dark if thereby His light be made more visible. Sorrow and pain made joyous in His joy. Weakness contributing its quota to the whole.

He needs us all, each as we are and where we are, with capacities developed to the full or latent within us. The vision of the wise, the tongue of the eloquent, the strength of the strong, the weakness of small things. Man and woman, old and young, He needs us all.

But we can only truly serve Him as we understand His purpose, as we forget ourselves, as we realize that we exist but to fit into the picture He is painting. The harmonious blending of colors is essential to the beauty of a landscape or a picture; harmony between His followers is essential if the work of the Teacher is to be accomplished. However perfect His plan, we can make or mar its realization.

We are thinking all the time of what the Teacher means to us, what He will do for us, what the degree of our blessing, of our good fortune. We are jealous in our love, we are petty and self-centered. We seek to use Him for our own ends, we try to shine in His reflected glory.

If we would learn what discipleship should be, let us stand at sunset and watch the world in its hour of beauty. Each particle is subservient to the whole, each individual thing exists but to add to the beauty of all. He is our Sun; where He needs us let us be.

★ ★ ★

Nature gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake, and who craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality. *Lucifer.*

The New Image

Claude Bragdon

WHEN the cosmic clock struck the hour of woman's emancipation from the thralldom of old folk-ways and outworn conventions, the most sensitive and highly attuned of the sex—what might be called the Delphic sisterhood—had to revolt, even to the point of destroying their own temple. And this is woman's predicament today, in the countries where this has happened: her ancient sanctuary is in ruins, and no new one has been erected. For the moment she is the victim of her own victory: the dark shadow of her new freedom is her new loneliness. Rid of her shackles, questing every sort of knowledge and experience, she has for the moment ethically and culturally outstripped her companion man, caught in the web of his own spinning, competitive industrialism. She is not understood by him in these new aspects, he resents them, and therefore by him she is crucified. One sees this happening everywhere, but it was revealed to me in a dream.

I seemed to be standing on some bleak promontory beyond which stretched a dark and shoreless ocean, beneath a lowering sky. All around, in the scant stubble, lay men, indifferent, dull, unawake—one could scarcely take a step without treading on them. Beyond, on the summit of the promontory, stood a gibbet upon which a naked woman was suspended head downward, her legs trussed apart and her hair hanging—she was like a figure by Blake. Beside her stood a man quite different from the others, alive, alert, charged with evil power. He it was who had crucified the woman, and now he was hamstringing her—cutting the tenons of her knees and wrists. In horror I called upon him to stop, I tried to arouse the others to prevent him, but they were either too weak or too indifferent to protest—and I woke up.

I am often visited by these symbolical dreams, and soon ceased to remember this one, until something happened to recall it vividly to life. I found myself one evening at a typical New York studio party: there were men and women of all sorts, lounging, sitting, standing. The room was lighted by candles and warmed by an open fire, there were cocktails and mulled wine to drink, and the usual sandwiches, coffee and cigarettes. As the evening wore on the party became gayer, the piano came into commission and the clever ones, singly and together, did their stuff. A man, diabolically sophisticated and clever, talked and sang to his own accompaniment. He had been drinking, and his songs proceeded, by nicely graduated stages from the risqué to the delicately obscene. It seemed to me in bad taste, and made me feel a bit uncomfortable, but I attributed this to my incorrigible Victorianism, when suddenly I was invaded by something entirely other—*suffering*, of a kind new to my experience. I became acutely conscious of the young woman who was standing next to me, whom I had not noticed before. Her mouth bore the rictus of an unnatural smile, but her eyes were like those of a tortured animal. I had caught the contagion of her suffering. I glanced about at the other women; most of them were smiling, but I sensed that they were suffering too. Suddenly, I remembered my dream: these women were *that* woman, the man at the piano was her torturer, and the other men in the room, sitting about in slack attitudes, unaware of that of which I had suddenly become conscious, were like those other men in my dream. I had a moment of clear vision, in which I was able to transcend my purely masculine consciousness, and this is what I seemed to understand:

The soul of woman is like the surface of water: it will reflect any image, such is its nature, but woman cannot reflect ignoble or depraved images without doing violence to her essential womanhood; to be called upon to do so gives rise to that order of subjective suffering of which I felt the ache. Psychically woman is so constituted as to image and bring to birth in the world a certain kind of supernal beauty, just as physically she is framed to be the treasury of the continued race. Also, quite in analogy with his physical function, it is man's metaphysical function to impress this image of supernal beauty upon the feminine psyche. "Brahma fell asunder into man and wife," and man corresponds to "name" and woman to "form." She it is who forces the thorny stalk to put forth blossoms; indeed, it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that woman's role in the work of civilization is so great that the entire edifice is reared on the shoulders of these "frail caryatids." For in the beginning, while man went forth to fight and hunt, woman remained behind to plait and weave and mould those coverings and containers in which all arts and crafts had their origin, and later and at all times she fecundates man's imagination through her beauty, her mystery, and the miracle of her tenderness.

"The old order changeth"—this is one of those moments of the turning of the cosmic kaleidoscope, when the eternal truths must fall into a different pattern in order to affect the modern consciousness, drugged or dizzy with having gazed too long at the old images. In order to fulfill her esoteric function of reflecting the new image, woman has struggled to free herself from masculine enslavement, for she it is who is the best index of the coming hour. The world will change less in accordance with man's

determinations than with woman's divinations. Just now she is polarized to a star as yet unrisen, and responds to impulsions beyond the ken of the purely rational consciousness. This often makes her deep, true, instinctive actions appear ruinous and irrational. Misunderstanding man, alarmed lest he lose his familiar, dear companion, has endeavored to deny to woman this inevitable freedom—as necessary to him as to her—and this has engendered unnatural rancors, delaying the establishment of a new equilibrium. For the precipitation of new images of beauty and wisdom can occur only when the waters of the world—which are the women of the world—are still, which can only be when men and women are at peace with one another. Waves of resentment, cross-currents of aborted love and outraged pride so stir the soul of woman that it projects fantastic and misshapen forms. Woman has ceased to function truly either because by an aping of man she has forgone her essential womanliness and become sterile—ceased, that is, to be a reflector of images, incompetently trying to project them instead—or because the images given her to reflect are such that in some deep center of her being she knows they are full of ugliness, and she aborts them, lest she bring forth a brood of monsters.

"Man and woman are one spirit in two bodies"—each requires the other for completion. In the bringing forth of new ideas and ideals each sex has its function. Divinity comes to birth in the world, in mystical parlance, through the marriage between love and truth. Woman must therefore maintain against every obstacle, her love of love, and man must strive, against every discouragement, to be true to truth. They must exchange these opposite polarities. Only when there is truth in love, can there be love in truth.

★ ★ ★

The Divine Spiritual "I" is alone eternal, and the same throughout all births; whereas the "personalities" it informs in succession are evanescent, changing like the shadows of a kaleidoscopic series of forms in a magic lantern.

Lucifer

"Truth Has Diverse Facets"

A. O.

We all have our different ideas as to what is Krishnaji's message to the world, how it is best to be interpreted, what is his own purpose and what is the purpose that he would awaken in each one of us. His truth is a diamond with many facets and we see only one facet at a time. If some people have seen a different side from our own and speak to us of their conception of the truth, we are inclined to think: "What a pity they have not grasped Krishnaji's idea! They do not realize the glory of it as I realize it. What is it in me that makes me able to understand, whereas this person and that person does not understand?" But every facet of a diamond is as beautiful as another facet and the whole diamond, which none of us sees, is more beautiful than any one facet.

I will write of my idea of Krishnaji's message and the interpretation of it, in the light of the facet that I have seen.

With the coming of Krishnaji, that inner impulse which moves everything in the world to become something greater than it is, has been quickened a thousand, a million fold. The acorn in us, which normally takes many, many centuries to become a giant oak tree, can now spring to its full stature in a little day. In everyone who comes in contact with him the dormant seed will be awakened. It may still take many lives to fulfill itself, but never again can it sleep peacefully beneath the crusted earth.

From the heights he has blown upon the world a mountain breath and dim sparks have leapt into flame—fires have been kindled where there was no spark.

All nature, all mankind will be quickened. It is the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters. The sluggish pool will be stirred to its depths and the running water will

race onwards, carrying all before it in its current— swifter and swifter.

The placid and contented will be moved to discontent; the self-satisfied will be disquieted; the miserable will find new hope of happiness. Water will ferment and become wine; dry husks of corn, the living bread. The savage will dance for joy—alone in the wind and the rain; the empty will seek experience; the men of knowledge will unlearn the lesson of endless acquisition. The poor will look for riches and the rich will learn to walk naked. The sparrow will sing with the voice of the lark and the lark will soar with the strength of the eagle. The weak man shall walk alone and the strong man shall bow down before the altars. The tinkling murmur of streams will increase to a mighty roar; the plowman will sit on the throne of kings and the beloved of princes will walk in the furrow. The leaves they will fall in the spring and the fruit trees blossom out of season.

The Teacher of the world must needs speak in paradox, for what is meet for the few is inapplicable to many.

Indeed he is the snow-clad mountain top as we see it serene against the storm-tossed sky. He is the rock with the sun shining upon it, rising from out of the turbulent waters.

He has enriched and made fertile the land of imagination where genius wanders. Into the one source of inspiration he has poured the munificence of his life. He fills us as the melted snow fills the shallow rivers with bountiful water.

He comes with abundance and with dearth. He comes with the olive branch and the flaming sword. He comes the insurgent and the peace-maker. Life and death are before him. Clouds and the blue heaven follow in his wake.

The source he has filled can never be exhausted. Will you wait until you have drained every well before you come to his fountain? Everything that opens up an avenue to that source is an interpretation of him. He is the living gold which we cast into our own moulds. Do not let us worry over that mould in which we are to express him. Life creates its own forms. Man does not make the course of the river. Beautiful, the river makes its own

course. If we have his life, his living waters in us, they will flow through us and find their natural channel.

We are to be the rays that go forth from the sun, that filter through every window, that light up the dark valleys and the dreary towns.

The sun is felt, through his rays, in the meanest homes. The sun warms, through his rays, the most sorrow-laden hearts.

This is the facet that I have seen.

The Quest

Frank M. Mettler

*The wind is moaning drearily;
It seems to sigh in sympathy
For my lost Love.*

*The rain is falling ceaselessly;
It almost seems to weep with me
For my lost Love.*

*The clouds are lowering over all;
They seem to cast a funeral pall
For my lost Love.*

*The wind and rain and clouds will
pass;
The sun will shine—but oh, alas,
My Love is lost.*

*Yon sheltered cloister's welcoming wall
Gives haven from the stress of storm.
I will seek there my Love, my All;
I will seek there my Loved One's form,
But no, my Love is gone.*

*Into the Cloister of my Heart,
At last I come in dull despair,
And nevermore will I depart—
O happiness! My love is there—
My Love was always there!*

Coming of the World-Teacher

Rukmini Arundale

An address to the Hollywood, California, Star Center



HERE are a few things which I would like very much to say which I personally feel about the Coming and the Advent of the World-Teacher; it is only my point of view, and it is the way that I look upon them. That is what I want you to know and if it helps you, take it.

There has been a great deal of misunderstanding, contradiction, and difficulty with regard to the Coming recently because Dr. Besant has definitely stated that the World-Teacher is in our midst. Another thing, Dr. Besant has been so long praising the work of the Liberal Catholic Church and of Co-Masonry that they would be channels for the World-Teacher's power, and now Krishnaji feels them props only, and unimportant for those who seek union with the Beloved. These are some of the things that mystify people very much and they do not know where they stand.

First of all, with regard to the statement that the Teacher is here, I wish that we would all think for ourselves a little bit. It is true that we cannot all know it in the same way that Dr. Besant does, but we know her well enough to realize that she has not so far been wrong in any statement of the kind. It is a very big thing to declare the Advent, not only privately to us, but to all the world, and we all know her well enough to understand that she is not likely to make a mistake. But leaving that aside it may also be true that if we cannot recognize the World-Teacher or do not *feel* His teachings, it is likely that it is our own fault. If we are not able to have that great vision, then we have not ourselves contacted the Teacher. We have imagined Him to be one thing, and perhaps found Him to be quite different; but this is only our own imagination. Let us remember

that many centuries ago, the Jews expected the Coming of the Christ; they knew that He was to come, and yet, when He *did* come, they did not believe it was He because He did not come in the way that they *thought* He would come. It is exactly the same with people at present, but perhaps not in such a serious way, because they are in their turn (though in a very much smaller way) Pharisees. It only means that they have bound around their minds a certain number of superstitions, ideas, and orthodoxies. If the Teacher does not fit in with these, then they wonder; yet they ought not because they should have *felt* His presence and His influence; but it may not have been a sufficiently miraculous power or appearance. Many thought that perhaps when the Teacher came down into the world, it would change all things that very day; the changes must come gradually because people have first to change themselves. When a Great One comes into the world, it is not to change people immediately, but to teach them how to change themselves. Krishnaji is a human being; he is young, however great he may be. It is impossible for anyone to reflect the entire glory of the Christ straightway. If he did that his body would be shattered to pieces. Therefore people can take it for granted that there is only a fragment of the Teacher's consciousness there, but even a fragment of it is so great that it is being felt by very many of those around him. And when that fragment becomes greater, and when the Teacher, as time goes on, comes more and more into the world, and lets Krishnaji's consciousness merge with His more and more, then people will feel His presence even more strongly than at present. Whatever happens, people should remember that they must

not have any preconceived ideas of the Teacher's Coming; if they do so they are sure to be disappointed.

What is the preaching and the teaching of the Teacher today? It is about the Kingdom of Happiness into which he desires everybody to enter to be liberated. He desires everyone to achieve liberation, but liberation is something that very few understand. People have a very narrow idea of it. They think liberation means a certain initiation, and spiritual heights; but it may mean also liberation from the smaller things of life, liberation from all that is untrue and worldly, liberation from the unreal to the real. That is true liberation and everyone can achieve that liberation, no matter at what stage of evolution he may be. Liberation is such a big word that no one but the World-Teacher can understand it fully because liberation at this stage is comparative and not final.

When Krishnaji says that ceremonial is a form, therefore what is the use of such movements of churches, religions, and things like that, he does not mean that he disapproves of them. But he means that people should not feel bound by the limitations of form. He knows that form is a receptacle for the power of the Christ. He may not say it in these words, but people must try to understand it by grasping the higher meaning and thinking for themselves. It is not the World-Teacher's business to teach about form. Has He ever spoken about form? If you read the lives of great Teachers in many incarnations you will find that very, very rarely does a great Teacher speak of ceremonies, temples, churches, or any of those things. He only speaks the life. He says, "Be true to yourself, live nobly, see greatness in all things, see the reality in all things, seek within yourselves, then you are near to Me." He is only expressing the virtues and qualities of the *ultimate* stage of liberation which He himself has reached. Would you understand Him as speaking against the forms—the

means—through which He Himself has attained?

If persons want to understand the World-Teacher they must not take every letter to heart; that always misleads. They must understand the spirit of His teaching. He says, "I do not want to define My words." That is because if He defines them He limits them; then those who hear them will want to act in a small, narrow way, taking Him literally. My own feeling is that whatever the Teacher says, even if He says ceremony is of little purpose, I shall go in for ceremony just as much as I have ever done before; because I can, myself, feel the divine power in ceremonies, the Teacher's power, and I know very well that through ceremonies and through forms His beauty shines out. There is no doubt about it because one can see it and feel it. Krishnaji's warning about ceremonies and religion is useful for those who *depend only on forms*. But those at the Teacher's lofty stage do not need form.

When people say "I feel very attracted to Hinduism, but I do not care about Christianity," I think of such people as very, very narrow. Who can care for one World-Teacher's religion and not care for all? The real question is whether He cares for us and not whether we care for His religions. All are His religions; He has set the form. We know very well that He comes to the world through many forms, because He is the Teacher of the whole world, and He is not one who is going to be partial. He is not going to say, "I refuse to come in such and such a way, I refuse to use such and such a movement." He will and has used all movements. If churches, ceremonial, and religions lead people to worship Him and to become better in character, then He needs those means for His sake and He dwells in them.

Because the Teacher uses all things, people must learn to appreciate all things even though they may be some things to which they are not accustomed. They must realize that ceremonies and

churches are not *ends* in themselves but *means* to an end. He says, "Do not *depend* on ceremonies," because people are too apt to think such forms absolutely necessary and to depend on forms alone. Forms clothe the spiritual forces.

Christians today would be shocked by some of this present teaching because He does not speak according to the *letter* of the Bible but the spirit. When the Teacher lived some centuries ago He just *was*; his teachings were secondary. He could say, "Have mercy on your enemies," but that did not always carry conviction. He actually lived the life. He was merciful to His enemies, and that demonstrated Truth. Lately, because Krishnaji has said ceremony is a limiting form, so many people will desire to give up all ceremonial movements, and wish to give up recognizing any movement except Krishnaji; and thus they straightway form a new orthodoxy. But let me say an orthodoxy which includes five or six people or movements is better than one that recognizes only one person.

Recognize greatness and beauty in all movements, peoples, and forms. If people can always think and feel greatly, if they give up narrow ideas of life, the Teacher's coming will be for them very much more effective. It will be a very sad thing if Krishnaji's followers, those who belong to the movement of which Krishnaji is the Head, create an orthodoxy of any narrowness of form.

When Krishnaji says he is one with the Beloved, it does not mean that all cannot be one with the Beloved too. He may be the special vehicle used; but the Beloved desires to bring people to His own heart, and that certainly means we can reach Him ourselves. We can do it if we try, but we cannot do it through any orthodoxy whatever. We must see His life in all things, and be able to worship and find Him in the bare mosque, just as well as we learn to worship in the ritualistic church. I personally do not care in the least whether I am in a Christian church, a

Hindu or Buddhist temple, or a mosque. I may take part in the beautiful ceremonies, but I am not bound by them because I think of the Teacher Himself, and I say to you who hear me, when you worship the Teacher what does it matter what form of building you are in? If you really *feel* Him, you can get rid of so many narrownesses and can be a much wider-minded people. We shall then achieve that liberation He speaks of, because we shall be liberated from our own narrow selves to our bigger and higher selves, and shall also understand the forms through which we passed and by means of which our efforts achieved.

We must see to it that we are not narrow or orthodox. Are we afraid of dressing differently from other people? Then we are narrow. Do we get shocked if somebody who is considered to have progressed spiritually does something of which we strongly disapprove? Some people do. We are all most wonderful people when it comes to saying big things but how about doing them? We say we don't care about the differences in religions, we know that there is unity in all religions, and we want to practice Brotherhood; it is all very well to *say* it, but when it comes to practicing it in the world, to mixing personally with a few people whom you happen to dislike, then the Brotherhood often flies away. We have to guard against that, because it is the small things that lead to big mistakes. If indulged in they gather strength; they are like the drops of water that one day become the ocean.

Let us get rid of all that is small, and the little worries and the irritabilities, the disagreements, all the likes, and the dislikes that are narrow. Let us realize the biggest thing of life, that these different religions and ceremonies are but the different notes of an instrument on which the Teacher can play. Different thoughts, philosophies, and peoples—they are for Him to use, they are but playthings in His hand, they are instruments in our hands too because we can use them for people who derive help through them. We must

work through big things. If we knew that ceremonial and all things are as beautiful instruments *because of the life they contain*, the Teacher would not have to speak against the letter of them so much. He would say, "Work hard, use more ceremony and form because they help those around you." But He only means, "Do not be bound by them." because He knows that many are blind followers who are ready to follow any form, and letter; they ignore the spirit in them. The Teacher even though He is cannot put into words all that He is. Therefore if we worship the word we cannot contact the spirit of Him who is bigger than the word. Love is a big idea, but what does the word alone give? We think of Him as full of love for all people; but we cannot realize love in a bigger way because we have not the consciousness that He has. The words He uses limit those ideas because we narrow them by our interpretation. His consciousness enlarges the meaning of the word. I can read the Bible from any religion and yet, although those are the words of the Teacher, they would not carry as much conviction as if He came Himself and even stood silently next to one for a moment.

We must not expect anything of the manner of the World-Teacher's coming, but think of Him as He really is—think of Him as all that is wonderful, and holy, and beautiful. One reason why we cannot imagine Him as He is, is that we forget that He is in all things. We forget that all the things that we appreciate are an expression of His consciousness. We all appreciate different things; some may appreciate beautiful dresses; some, artistic things; some wonderful music; some appreciate Nature; others appreciate ceremonies and ritual. We can appreciate *anything*, so long as our appreciation is unselfish and gives us a certain amount of inspiration and exaltation; they have been the means of our touch with the Lord. If you realize the bigness of His being, if you realize His universality, you would be more tolerant and more appreciative no matter what form

He might express Himself through. You might be able to appreciate the Teacher better through Krishnaji because he has a beautiful body. If he looked very fierce and very ugly would you appreciate the Teacher? You would probably be put off a little because we are all put off by appearances.

The form should not count except as it clothes the spirit, as we have to use form because that is the only way we can express ourselves. If we learned to rise above form we could live in any plane of consciousness. But inasmuch as we are living here, the form matters, provided we are trying to spiritualize it in every way, for in that way we are coming nearer to the World-Teacher. Physically if we make our lives beautiful, if we dress beautifully, and want to be neat and clean, we are expressing Him because He is perfection—beauty. In that sense a perfect flower is better than a mediocre human being. The Teacher is as much in a perfect flower as He is in a human being. He is in all things and He is all things. Our first duty is to contact Him in our own hearts and then to translate Him in our daily lives and work.

That is the best way and the only way to get to the World-Teacher. There are people who may be His disciples, who may live in the same house as the great Teacher, but who derive much less from Him than those who live far away, who have worshipped Him from a distance, but who have tried harder to bring Him down into their own hearts and translate Him into their own lives. Such people are sometimes even nearer than those who may be physically close to Him. I do not say, of course, that it is not beneficial to be in His House, or His Camps, but do not think that you will come close to Him by just doing that alone, and His body is as much a physical form as anything else. If we want to worship the Teacher we must get rid of all orthodoxy; we must feel a greater love towards our brothers and towards all things about us; we must feel His

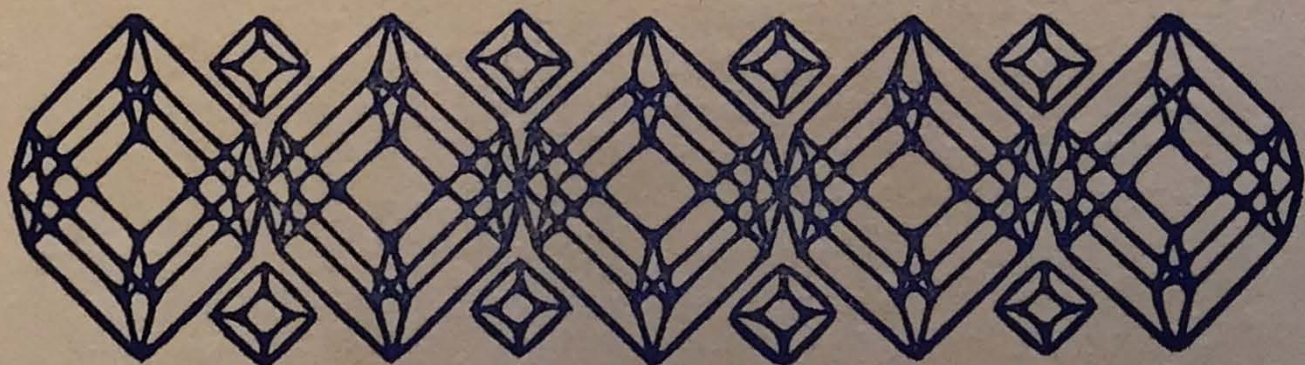
greater consciousness; we must feel ourselves as shining lights; and we must shine upon the world in a small way as He does in a great way. Remember that we must all shine. When He took liberation He needed to be bigger and greater and be more shining than we are; He is as a shining star to the world.

We must have open-mindedness in all things. Religion matters nothing except as a means. It is wonderful and useful at certain stages but it is not necessary for those who have finally reached the stage of liberation. The Teacher Himself belongs to no religion whatever; He uses all religions. If we really desire to come near to the Teacher, if we want to make His coming greater and bigger, let us see everything from a broader and bigger point of view, and not all the time from our own personal and narrow point of view. Do not judge the Teacher according to the physical impression He may make upon us, nor according to the opinions you may have of Him. Judge Him according to the biggest and best things that you know and feel.

We who belong to the Order of the Star should recognize that it exists as a means to an end, and the greatest ideal that exists on earth for us is that the Teacher may have a few people who are definitely consecrated to His service, very many of whom will be waiting to serve Him no matter what He may want of them. That is the reason we belong to the Order. Do not feel we are more privileged in the least; we are not. We have the good fortune to bring His message to the world, but others may receive and give

His message in their way also. You might say, "The Teacher is here and I know and serve Him;" but others might give that same message by simply being great, or compassionate, or beautiful. A great actor might give the message of the Teacher by acting beautifully and inspiringly. A great politician might give the message by being a great statesman, though he knows nothing of the Teacher. A great religious worker might give the message of the Teacher's presence by his power and unselfish work and life. All these qualities and the beauty that exist in the world are in themselves His message and words come only secondarily. Words are useful because it is better that people should follow the Teacher consciously than unconsciously—just so they have the opportunity to follow Him. That is the only reason we need to know of His coming. We need not *necessarily* know of His coming, because we could live the life anyway; but by knowing of His coming we are given a better opportunity to serve His needs and work.

He is the Lord of all hearts, of life, He is the Teacher of the world. Let us contact that Teacher, let us contact His life in all things. Then His coming will be more fruitful, not because we desire any personal gratification or to make spiritual progress, or because we want to gain anything for ourselves, but because with our entire hearts and our entire beings we love Him, we worship Him; and therefore we want to be to the world, perhaps in a smaller measure to a smaller world, a small teacher as He is a Great Teacher of a wide world, a more glorious and greater Being than we can ever know.



ORDER OF THE STAR

FROM THE NATIONAL ORGANIZER---JOHN A. INGELMAN



IN the December issue of the *Server* I pointed out the fact that excessive eating, denaturalized and improper foods, and wrong combinations, were the primary cause of all diseases, independent of their labels.

As the second greatest cause of all diseases, I mentioned destructive emotions. It has truly been said, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Today I would like to submit, briefly, some thoughts on certain reactions from the inner bodies of man to the outer or physical body. At this stage of evolution, everybody knows that one's emotions do affect the body, and presently psychology and physiology will catalogue the exact tendency and effect of each destructive emotion on the physical organism. My good friend, Dr. Frank Riley, who for over twenty years of medical and metaphysical practice has studied these correspondences, has graciously given me the benefit of his wide experience. In studying diseases with mental-emotional origins, it has been found that they constitute the original or predisposing causes, though often brought to the surface or precipitated in the physical body through some outer agency which may be termed the exciting cause.

As an illustration, let us take the disease known as cancer. In its early stage, a cancer looks like a tumor but will later develop into carcinoma, sarcoma or epithelioma, and at a still later stage will break down and destroy all surrounding tissue.

Now, the mental-emotional causes are those consuming and often suppressed emotions which eat into the very soul, such as extreme hatred,

malice, revenge, deep-seated grief, terrible resentment, suppressed fear, and jealousy. A physical or exciting cause is often a blow on the breast or a chronic irritation of the outer skin, though usually it is a hyperacid bloodstream which irritates the mucous membranes, frequently in the stomach, intestines, or uterus.

A dominant cause of cancer is the emotional body, pouring its vibrations into the physical. The pathology of a cancer is very similar to the growth of ragweed. In cutting a ragweed its growth is stimulated. So with the cancer. Removing the physical manifestation stimulates its growth, except when taken at a very early stage. Otherwise, it spreads through the lymphatic system.

It is self-evident that the more sensitive a person is, the more ready and quick are the reactions of destructive emotional vibrations on the physical body. Let us take a milder and more common reaction, as evidenced in nervous gastritis. Two individuals partake of the same healthy vegetable diet of proteins with a limited amount of starch, vegetables and non-acid fruits. The first person is of a harmonious disposition and remains in good health; the other one develops nervous gastritis, the reason being that the latter is in a more or less constant state of mental-emotional "fermentation" and nervousness. This mental fermentation, acting through the vasomotor constrictors, shuts off the blood supply by constricting the ends of the capillaries, thus interfering with the secretion of pepsin, hydrochloric acid, and the enzymes from the gastric glands, and resulting in the fermentation of the food, pro-

ducing gas, acidity, inflammation, and gastric ulcers.

Most of us have undoubtedly been able to observe the truth of this reaction for ourselves. Just as emotional-mental fermentation results in physical fermentation, so will the opposite of this hold true. That is, emotional-mental tension will result in physical tension and restriction. Nowadays this is a generally acknowledged truism, explainable by the fact that at the end of each capillary there is a sphincter muscle, controlled by the vasomotor nerves. Our thoughts, operating inductively through the vasomotor system, affect the vasomotor dilators, as well as the vasomotor constrictors, which in turn results in the derangement of the entire intestinal tract, as well as nerves, glands, blood, and organs.

The well-known occurrence of a speaker's dryness, which usually necessitates providing him with the proverbial glass of water, demonstrates how his nervousness acts on the constrictors, preventing the usual secretion of saliva from the submaxillary, the sublingual, and parotid glands. The effect of our emotions and thoughts on the physical body is receiving more and more attention each year. A few years ago their effect on the physical body was considered a negligible quantity. But as the race evolves, producing ever finer atoms, as well as a much more delicately balanced nervous system, the reaction between mind-emotion and the physical body will become more powerful and instantaneous in proportion. Hence, the nerve-wracking speed and jazz of today, if persisted in, will gradually and inevitably bring about the gravest danger, especially on this continent, where the bodies are already far more sensitive than in Europe.

One of the problems will be to teach people how to relax, how to go back to Nature, to learn to walk, and to rest, if only fifteen minutes before each meal.

It is apparent that in determining the cause of any one disease or symptom, one should carefully take everything into consideration. For the conscientious

physician, this implies everything from the mental-emotional bodies down to all factors connected with the physical body, and primarily with its sustenance—food. The same disease will, in different individuals, be produced by either a physical or an emotional cause; or again, the same emotion in two individuals will produce different diseases in each, since human beings are predisposed to weakness in different organs. Just as a chain breaks at its weakest link, so does man suffer or break at his weakest spot. In an electric installation it is the weak or defective fuse that burns out. In like manner the weak organ in the individual becomes inflamed. Man is certainly fearfully and wonderfully made. Life is verily difficult, and few there are who can live rightly or teach others. As the physical body is only one part of man's mechanism, and is united to his emotional and mental bodies, it therefore becomes essential for the true physician to be also a skilled metaphysician. The healing profession is extremely complicated, and requires from its practitioners a wide range of knowledge and freedom of professional conceit, jealousy, or prejudice—a rare gift, possessed only by the truly great. The general diagnostician should, after a careful diagnosis, be willing to direct his patient to the specialist, independent of the school to which he belongs.

Let us now for a moment take pulmonary tuberculosis as an example of various reactions on the body from a mental-emotional cause. We will, then, not concern ourselves with well-known physical causes for this dread disease, such as heredity, excessive consumption of sugar and starch, lack of fresh air, overwork, contagion, etc., but only with a mental-emotional cause, such as a burning, passionate nature, profound worry, and depression. The latter will act primarily in the usual emotional-vibratory way on the sympathetic nervous system, the glands, the digestion, the blood, the organs; but tend also to affect the oxidation of the blood.

When a person is depressed or worried, losing his grip on life, we often hear him say: "Oh, dear me!" and down goes his chest, automatically starting the habit of taking short breaths instead of the ordinary deep breathing. This results in a lack of oxidation of the blood, affecting the phagocytes. The white blood corpuscles which perform the function of policemen and ferocious scavengers become weaker and fail to prey upon the ever-present germs, in this case the tubercle bacilli. The man himself, in such an emotional condition, loses his appetite and so does the phagocyte.

I quote here from an interesting medical article in this connection:

"Now here comes the great advance which has recently been made in the discovery of opsonins. This new word is derived from a Greek word which means to make tasty, and that is exactly what opsonins do. They are, as it were, a sauce which is spread over the microbes and makes them tasty for the white corpuscles to swallow.

"This is not romancing: it is the sheer unvarnished fact of nature's marvellous workings in the bodies we think so little of. Think of it! The great Master Chef preparing Tubercle a la Opsonin for our fastidious white corpuscles!

"To explain this wonder a little more fully. If a colony of tubercle bacilli gains access to a healthy body the first thing which takes place is that they become coated with tubercle opsonin from the fluids of the blood, and then the white corpuscles come and have a hearty meal. But if the body is not healthy and has no tubercle opsonin, the white corpuscles leave the bacilli alone to increase and multiply and cause disease. . . .

Life is one continuous whole, but because of lack of illumination in these prison-houses of clay, we should use far more care and discrimination in all our activities.

Let us, then, strive toward harmony in all our bodies. Inharmony in the soul is dis-ease in the body, whereas

music and joy in the soul creates health and happiness in the body.

Brothers, should we not, as Star members, have all the knowledge requisite for the building of a Temple fine and beautiful for the inner God? Should we not constantly try to combine with essential outer and inner knowledge the passionate longing of the Mystic to merge and unite his own separate flame with its Source and its Goal?

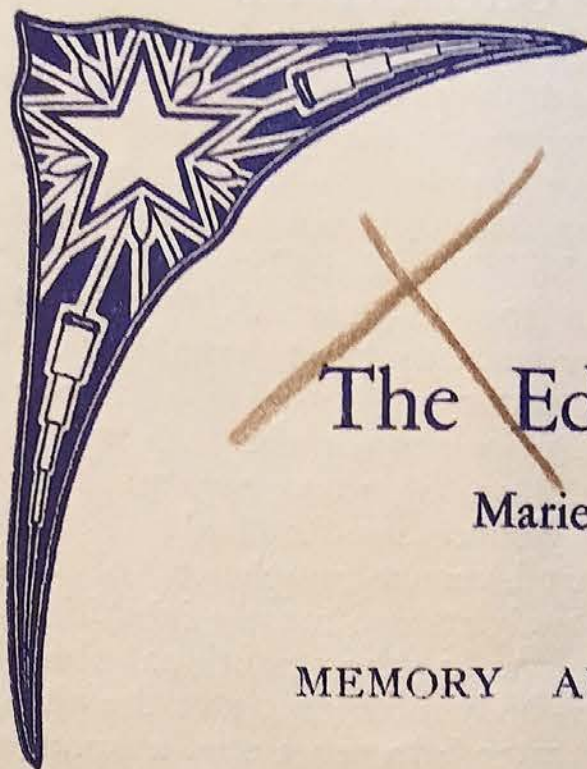
The well-known complexes of the psycho-analysts are mostly inhibitions, suppressions in the emotional body, since this body interpenetrates the physical as water interpenetrates a sponge.

The releasing of the congestion of a pent-up emotion will, as we know, often produce miracles. The education of the subconscious mind and the collaboration with and illumination of the superconscious mind will become increasingly the duty of the parents, the educators and the physicians of the future.

The inability to be receptive to a new idea, in other words the hardening of the mind, or lack of open-mindedness, in time results in a poisoning of the blood, which, in turn, produces hardening of the arteries or arteriosclerosis. So we see that old thoughts produce old age; a man is just as old as his arteries. Consequently, the saying that we are as old as we feel is correct. Crystallization in thought and feeling results in crystallization of the arteries which carry the breath of life. Again, high mental and emotional pressure results in arteriosclerosis, accompanied by high blood pressure.

A factor which must never be forgotten is the law of Cause and Effect, called by the Ancient Wisdom *Karma*, active everywhere, in every phase of health and disease.

The operation of this fundamental law which is at the root of all manifestation—the very cement of its fabric—can only fragmentarily be understood by us, and consequently presents additional complication for our consideration. It provides abundant mental-emotional sequences from former lives to be released in this.



The Editor's Telescope

Marie Russak Hotchener

MEMORY AND THE SUBCONSCIOUS

WHAT a fascinating study is memory in its relation to the subconscious mind and the personality! Last month we considered its three modes of activity, *Registration*, *Conservation* and *Reproduction*. (There are really seven modes, but for all general purposes of study these three suffice.) We also considered how even so unimpressive an experience as inhaling a perfume registers and conserves itself in the memory centers; but the facility with which it can be reproduced (recalled) depends upon the amount of *attention* given to the original experience when it registered itself. These three modes may be likened to flowers—planted, kept well watered, and culled at will. That we may better understand how and *where* the mysterious registration and conservation processes of an act of memory take place, let us look a bit deeper into them.

Registration is a *positive* act imprinting as it does an event upon the photographic plate of consciousness; *conservation* is a *negative* process receiving the event and flooding the plate with a developing bath that makes a permanent record of what happened; *reproduction* is relating the two by an *intent* of consciousness. The entire process is action and reaction, and the relation between them. However, it is not always possible for the intent to penetrate to the long-buried, pictured experiences of the past, as picture af-

ter picture has since been impressed and conserved in the memory. Event has eclipsed event until the far past is forgotten in the distanced depths, obliterated from conscious memory by more recent happenings.

It is by assisting the consciousness in its third phase of memory, *reproduction*, and enabling it to resurrect these far-gone events, that psychologists have added data of inestimable value to the science of behavior.

I specially mentioned last month the important clinical researches of the psychologist, Dr. Morton Prince, Professor of Diseases of the nervous system at Tuft's Medical College, and physician to the Boston City Hospital. He has arrived at his valuable conclusions after long years of clinical practice and experimentation in subconscious factors and their relation to diseases and behavior. Some of the many interesting cases that he has described in his book, *The Unconscious*, serve to impress the mind, even to degrees of wonder and amazement at the extent to which even trivial events become buried in the memory realms of consciousness, and often so influence one's character and actions as to mystify, disturb, and control them. He says: "Consciously or subconsciously they largely determine our prejudices, our superstitions, our beliefs, our point of view, our attitudes of mind, . . . our secret judgments, our sentiments, and impulses. They are the processes

which most commonly induce dreams and furnish the material out of which they are constructed; . . . they help to determine the form of a variety of disturbances such as obsessions, impulses, tics, habits, psychoses, neuroses, hysteria, and other common ailments which it is the fashion of the day to term neurasthenia and psychasthenia. They are largely responsible for the conscious and subconscious conflicts which disrupt the human mind."

Upon the utilization of the processes of memory modern psychotherapeutics, or *the educational treatment of disease*, is largely based. For many of these reasons an understanding of the mechanism of memory is most essential. In short, diseases of the personality, those of bodily origin, emotional disturbances, deranged mental conditions, all are related directly and indirectly to subconscious activities in submerged memory complexes. And the study and control of the mind in these memory processes is neglected by students, often to their undoing.

In order that the attention and interest of the student may be awakened to the importance of this study, and the necessity for recalling and re-educating subconscious memories, let us relate some of the experiments of Dr. Prince and other scientists. Patients have consulted them concerning a large number of mysterious diseases of the body, the emotions, and the mind—diseases which have baffled all powers of diagnosis in the general practitioner. To unearth the causes psychologists have resorted to instruments that test pulse and nerve reactions to certain words or phrases, to automatic writing, to states of abstractions, to dreams, and to natural and imposed sleep—all methods for tapping the subconscious reservoir of memories to aid *recollection*.

One cannot question the lofty motive of the majority of these investigators, and because of this one can ignore opinions concerning some of the objectionable means used for such humanitarian ends—especially the dread methods of hypnosis to which the oc-

cultist so rightly objects. It is not my purpose to discuss their methods here, but to consider some of the important disclosures that they have published.

In many patients, Dr. Prince was able to resurrect a forgotten experience that was causing disturbances or diseases of a most distressing character, and the discovery of the cause, related by the patient while in a partial or complete unconsciousness, proved such a healing catharsis that the majority of the diseases were cured immediately or in an astonishingly short time afterwards.

Such was the case of a lady of about thirty-five who suffered complete nervous collapses at most unexpected times, and also felt a terror of cats—particularly white cats. She could recall no experience that was the cause. Her case baffled physicians. In a condition of imposed sleep she diagnosed her own difficulties and related that when she was a very little child, and while playing on the floor with a white kitten, it was suddenly taken with a fit and jumped on her; she was alone and screamed and cried for her mother. The kitten ran out of the room, and finally she went on playing, and the incident was forgotten.

She not only recounted the white kitten incident to Dr. Prince, but gave a very minute description of the room in which it occurred—the window-shades with a border, the carpet with green figures, the old-fashioned furniture, the situation of the windows, doors, bookcases, desk, etc. She had not seen the room for thirty years, or since she was a child of five, as the family had removed to another city about the time of the incident of the kitten. The details of the room were corroborated later for the Doctor by an older member of the family. The patient was completely cured soon after this "recollection" occurred. Dr. Prince was able also to obtain from her a large number of other statements which he corroborated afterwards.

Mr. C. Lowe Dickenson has put on record the case (Journal of the S.P. R.) of a young woman who, when in

imposed sleep, narrated an unusual experience. She supposed that she was living in the time of Richard II and gave many details about the Earl and Countess of Salisbury, and other persons of that time, and described the manners and customs of the period. The persons referred to, the dates given, and genealogical data, on later examination, were found to be correct. Many of them were of such a character that they would have needed considerable historical research. After the young woman awakened from her imposed sleep she could not recall the details, and had no memory of ever having read or heard them. But through the aid of another state of sensitiveness, she disclosed that these details were in a book which had been read to her *fourteen years previously*, when she was only eleven years old, yet consciously she had completely forgotten what was read.

Dr. Prince, after dealing with such startling cases, proving the endurance of memory even in seemingly trivial actional events, considered at some length submerged *emotional* complexes. The phenomena resulting from uncontrolled, objectionable emotions and their reactions on the personality are of special interest as they tend to obstruct spiritual progress. He gives several examples of the effect of melancholic and inferiority complexes of which the following is typical.

A woman of forty was suddenly seized with weeping spells, depression, and loneliness, spells that seemed to have no reason for occurring yet happened very frequently all her life, or as long as she could remember. But now they were affecting her health and she was having less and less control over them. Her trouble seemed to center around several fears. She was afraid of death, of church bells, of running water, of loneliness, and was terrorized if she thought any unfortunate event was her fault. Their origins remained a mystery until the doctor placed her in a somnolent condition where she disclosed the following long ago, unsuspected causes:

Because of a chain of circumstances when she was very young, she considered a little brother's death to have occurred through a fault of her own and grieved long over the event. Soon after this she disobeyed her mother, caught cold, developed lung trouble, and her mother took her abroad for a cure. While there her mother suffered a severe illness, was operated upon, and died. During the days of illness the church bells, next door to where she lived, chimed every fifteen minutes, and also while the death took place. Even though a young child, they completely terrorized her, as they seemed happy and *she* was miserable. She considered the mother's death also her fault as she had disobeyed her, caught cold, and was the cause of her mother's going abroad and being operated upon by foreign doctors.

When a little older, she brooded over it and also grieved over the fact that she was ugly and unattractive and was a "wall-flower" at parties. She went to a picnic with a party of young people, and while standing by a bubbling brook talking to a youth, he, seeing some other, more attractive girls, went away to them, leaving her alone and lonely; she resented her ugliness more than ever, and her depression increased. She thought her ugliness "her fault," otherwise God would have made her beautiful. Everything that went wrong seemed to be her fault.

It was strange that as a woman she never associated these events with her present melancholic spells of weeping, loneliness, hatred of bells, and distress at the sound of falling water. In fact, whenever any memories of the terrible events of her childhood occurred she suppressed them and would not allow herself to dwell upon them. Yet all the time they were the *mis en scene* of tragedies in the subconscious memories of her young life, and her later emotions of grief, loneliness and fears were the "end results" of these suppressed memories; the uncontrolled emotions of every unaccountable "spell" of melancholia and sorrow only added more fuel to the old fire. At

last the body rebelled and broke under the power of the subconscious strain. After the "catharsis" obtained by the doctor, which disclosed to her the unsuspected causes of her illness, her mind took control of the consciousness, and reason dominated emotion through understanding—she was cured. All her memories, the death of her brother being her fault, also the death of her mother, involving the self-reproach, grief, suffering, bells, running water, ugliness, loneliness, formed an unconscious emotional complex from which only reason could extricate her, which it did. Psychology came to her aid, for psychology is a science of the mind and the emotions.

There was another case of a middle aged woman who suddenly in the midst of good health developed an uncontrolled habit of flying into rages. She would exhibit a fit of violent anger at the most unreasonable provocation, and finally it seriously affected her domestic happiness and her health. In an imposed somnolent condition she disclosed that the disturbing forces had cumulated during many years. They had originated shortly after her marriage when her husband had thoughtlessly deeply offended her, and the act had seemed to show conclusively that she was not at all necessary to his life and happiness. She had long held thoughts of revenge against him, but did not show them earlier, in fits of rage, as at present. She *felt* them, nevertheless, "underneath" her calm exterior but always until recently repressed them. These formative resentments incubated for long years and finally she was no longer able to control them. After she thus disclosed the cause to Dr. Prince, there was no return of the trouble, her health was restored, and domestic happiness returned.

These cases in themselves are not as simple as described but I have purposely given only the briefest details and avoided the more complex ones; the ones described would be sufficiently complex if all the detailed elements could be enumerated, but limited space

prohibits. What I wish specially to impress upon the mind of the reader is: "No psychological event, any more than a physical event, stands entirely isolated, all alone by itself, without relation to other events. Every psychological event is related more or less intimately to antecedent events, and the practical importance or value of this relation depends for the individual partly *upon the nature of the relation itself*, and partly upon the ontological value of those anterior events, i. e., the part they played and still play in the personality of the individual.

"No event, therefore, if it is to be completely interpreted, should be viewed by itself, but only in relation to preceding ones. For example: a husband good humoredly and thoughtlessly may chaff his wife about the cost of a new hat which she exhibits with pride and pleasure. The wife in reply expresses herself by an outburst of anger which, to the astonished bystander, seems an entirely unjustifiable and inexplicable response to an entirely inadequate cause. Now if the husband were permitted to make a psychological inquiry into the memory processes of his wife, he would find that that chaffing remark had meaning for her very different from what it had for him, and probably also for the bystander; that it meant much more to her than the cost of that hat. He would find that it was set in her mind in a number of antecedent experiences consisting of criticism of the wife by the husband for extravagance in dress; and perhaps incriminations and recriminations involving much angry feeling on the part of both, and he would probably also find that when the hat was purchased the possibility of criticism on the ground of extravagance passed through her mind. The chaffing remark of the husband, therefore, in the mind of the wife had for excuse all these past experiences which formed the setting and gave an unintended meaning to the remark. To state the matter in another way, the experiences were the formative material out of which a *psychological torch* had been

plastically fashioned ready to be set ablaze by the first touch of a match—in this case the chaffing remark or associated idea."

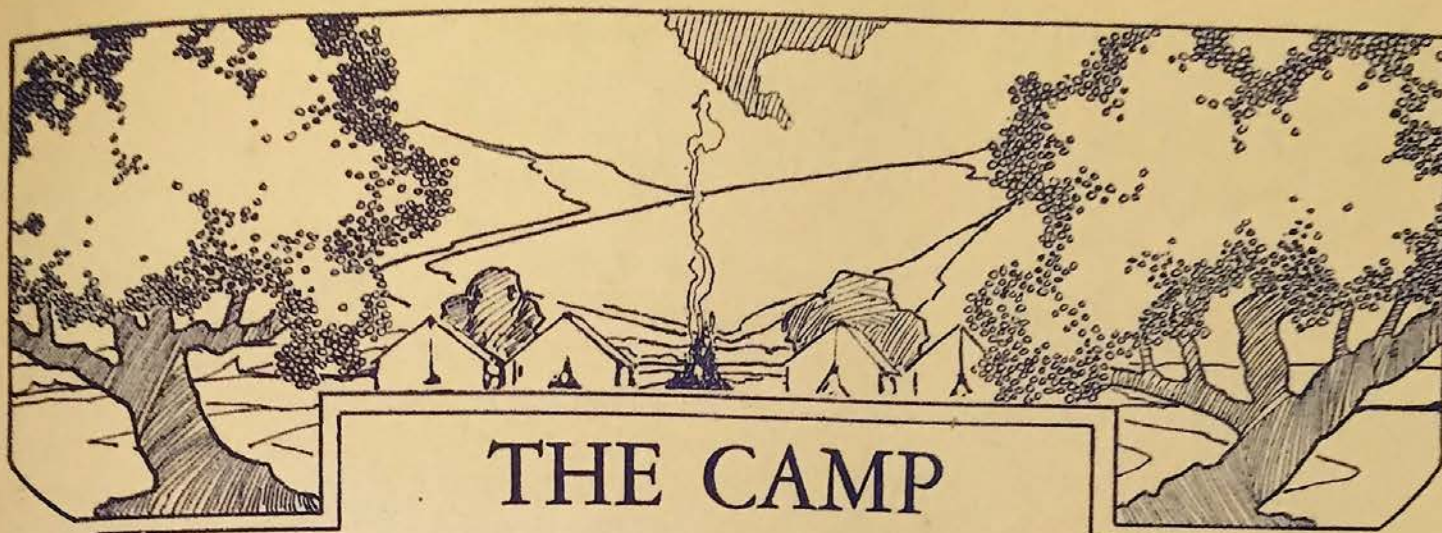
One of the most amazing phases of the miraculous cures made by psychological means is the rapidity with which the reason responds and the emotional disturbances disappear. The statement of one of the patients expresses this rapid change: "Something has happened to me—I have a new point of view. I do not know what has so changed me all at once, but it is as if scales had fallen from my eyes; I see things differently. . . . Anyway, for some reason—I don't know why, but perhaps you do—I have regained my own self-respect and find to my amazement that I need never have lost it. I know the wreck I was a year ago—you know what I am now. . . . and a great improvement on my poor old self. I owe you what is worth far more than life itself."

Dr. Prince is only one of a large body of erudite psychologists who are thus painstakingly working out a solution for the mysterious illness and behavioristic problems that confront the physician. If they could add to their clinical practice a knowledge of the

Ancient Wisdom and its detailed explanations of the mechanism of actions, emotions and thoughts—thus adding spiritual knowledge to physical practice—they might quickly transform a struggling suffering humanity into a happy and more intelligent one. People in general are more inclined to go to physicians of bodies in preference to those of souls, therefore one regrets that the former do not possess the higher knowledge.

Next month I shall enter into some details of the cases here mentioned and explain some of the teachings of occultism in reference to the technique necessary for personal supervision and control of the vagaries of the personality. It is not necessary for the true occultist to resort to the diagnoses of psychopathologists, except in very rare cases. And the encouraging part of having occult knowledge is that each one may study it and rely on its aid in eliminating those elements of the nature which often cause so much unhappiness and illness. It enables one to reconstruct and re-educate the character according to the ideals of spiritual living and to prepare oneself for the services to humanity so strongly appealed for by the World-Teacher.





THE CAMP

LOUIS ZALK, MANAGER

KRISHNAJI'S RETURN

The joyful news has come by cable that our Head will return to America the first week of April. We must therefore hasten our preparations so as to be ready with the Camp by that time.

MORE HELPERS WANTED!

We are rejoiced at the large number of our members who have volunteered to serve during the week when the Camp is to be held.

Many have undertaken duties which call for service not only during the Camp week but for a considerable period of time ahead and for clearing up work after the Congress is over.

The need for helpers is still great.

If you are coming to the Camp and wish to be among the servers, please let us know promptly.

The most necessary and exacting service at the Camp will undoubtedly be in our kitchen, and therefore, from the standpoint of Star ideals, this is the place of greatest honor.

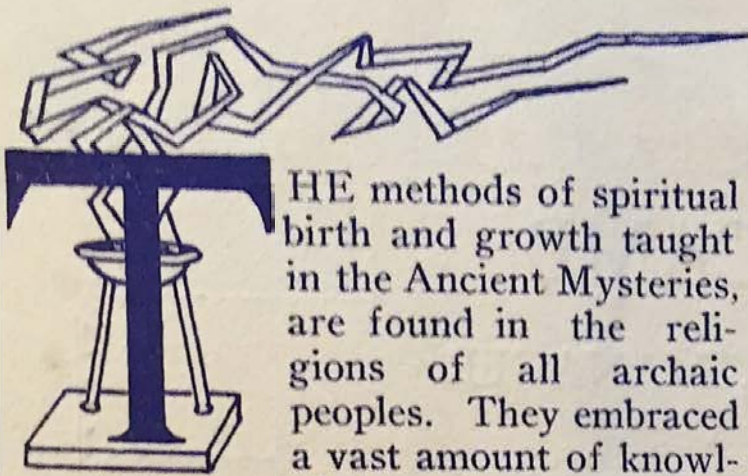
Who among those experienced in kitchen service will volunteer their help?

Doubtless in places of special need we will have to draft some of our good members known for particular capabilities, but it will be so much easier if we have their offers of help on file.

Let us know, care of Star Headquarters.

The Ancient Mysteries

Dr. A. Zuber



THE methods of spiritual birth and growth taught in the Ancient Mysteries, are found in the religions of all archaic peoples. They embraced a vast amount of knowledge of God and the universe in which man lived, and taught him the way from separateness to union with God or At-one-ment with his higher self.

Learning of them first in ancient India, we find them traveling by word of mouth to Chaldea where they became a part of the sacred lore of its Wise Men. Thence they were established in Egypt during its most flourishing period, under its Divine or Priest Kings. As Greece rose to prominence, it sought out the Ancient Mysteries of Egypt and gave the same sacred truths to its cultured classes. Next, Persia embraced the Mysteries, to be followed by Rome in its prime. Thus they became well established about the Mediterranean with greatest concentration in the larger cities. Civilization ever trekking northward, brought the Mysteries finally to Great Britain and thence, by a mere step, to Ireland where they became very firmly entrenched. Following each civilization, to become an integral part of it as it rose to its zenith, the Mysteries lost their spiritual or life side as that same civilization waned.

Probably the earliest and most explicit texts extant regarding the Mysteries are dated 1875 B. C. They are found only in fragments of writings now preserved in the various museums of the world. But all the signs, symbols, hieroglyphs, hangings, vestments, etc., of the most ancient temples and caves point to far earlier dates. Early Christian authors have given us most of the information, but unfortunately the repulsive and decadent part of the

Mysteries was stressed and little said of the spiritual side. They felt the Mysteries were not in accord with the teachings of the Christ and strangely enough, seemed entirely to have forgotten or quite ignored the "Mysteries of Jesus," Christ's secret teachings to His disciples, the vast numbers of biblical references which can never be understood except after Initiation.

It is quite natural that information regarding the Mysteries should be scanty, since a strict veil of secrecy enveloped all. Oaths taken for breaking the pledge of secrecy finally became appalling and the death penalty was occasionally pronounced for the breaking of such an oath. This however, occurred only after the beginning of their decadence and was in no way a part of their secret teachings.

The Mysteries existed originally for the constant raising of humanity to even higher levels. They stressed virtue, assisted in perfecting manners and morals, helped to civilize savages and ameliorate various races. They promoted the formation of societies of virtuous men who were willing to labor for the freedom of souls from the tyranny of passion and to develop in them the germs of all social virtues. They tried to restrain humanity by stronger bonds than the mere human laws which man had theretofore devised for himself. They aimed to inspire men to piety and bring them to a happier state.

Later in their existence, the Mysteries became more moral than religious and bound by ever greater and more elaborate ceremonies. Great Ones everywhere were initiated, and it is said that every Egyptian King as he ascended the throne became an Initiate. The pomp and ceremony attending such an initiation can well be imagined in that particular country, where perhaps the greatest of all Temples existed, robes and hangings were the most gorgeous, while jewels and gold work literally covered the Temples as well as the persons taking any part in the ceremony.

All Mysteries pertained to one God Who was supreme and unapproachable, "Who conceived the universe through His intellect before He created it with His will." They were all formulated round the mystic death and restoration to life of some divine or heroic personage. For instance, the Egyptians built theirs about the death of their hero, Osiris—the light—through Typhon or darkness. His resurrection from the cave, the underworld, the Nile, (many interpretations) was accomplished by his wife-sister Isis, the World-Mother, the rescuer, with the help of their son Horus, the new light-bringer.

Thus was the great mystery of day and night, winter and summer, death and resurrection explained by a fable of huge proportions and the appliance of a mighty and impressive spectacle. Instruction was conveyed by symbol rather than by book or word. It was not the reading of a lecture but the propounding of a problem. The intellect was addressed through the imagination and not given ready-made ideas. It was a sacred drama making its appeal to the eye, the spectators remaining free to draw their own inferences. It is quite singular that such is the way in which Nature ever teaches.

Spectacles were not necessarily historical but rather allegorical and full of meaning for those who "had eyes to see." All secrets were disclosed to everyone in proportion to his power to comprehend. A candidate's lack of intelligence was the only handicap to his understanding and advancement. For instance, the rude representation of physical torture in Tartarus was a portrayal of the certain unavoidable consequences that ensued after some sin was committed or vice indulged. The initiate interpreted such a spectacle entirely in the light of his own experience, accepting as much or little as was within his capacity.

The various symbols employed were all understood to signify that God disclosed His intentions to the wise, but to fools they remained unintelligible. (As all symbols do, these too outlasted

their explanations and their meanings finally became obscured, and later, lost entirely.) Parables and clouded saying also enveloped the teachings and were as so many vestures covering the truths from the profane.

Ceremonies were usually commenced on the darkest nights to furnish the proper setting for what was to follow. Initiation took place in a cave, dark temple or thickly wooded grove where every appliance which could excite or alarm the candidate and produce the proper religious awe was used. Everything which could possibly heighten mystery was added, until the very name "ceremony," possessed a strange charm and yet conjured the wildest fancies.

The Mysteries also introduced candidates to the great change known as death through such ceremonies as baptism, anointing, embalming, obsequies by burial or fire, etc. But regarding a future life, we are told, they were taught very little. It seems unreasonable, however, to suppose that those farther advanced in the Mysteries did not know a great deal about future states of the soul. They were very sure that the pains and sorrows of the present life were frequently the results of doings in former lives, and this fact they taught quite openly.

They also taught the doctrine of Divine Oneness, the laws governing the universe, the principles of Physics and Astronomy and the fact of a Great Intelligence formulating, guiding, directing these profound laws.

Entrants were drawn from all walks of life, but certain qualities they must have. As one writer puts it, "They must have clean hands and a warm heart, a spotless reputation, clear conscience, speech free from pollution and irreproachable virtue." For example, Nero, after murdering his mother, did not dare present himself at the Mysteries. On the other hand, Antony presented himself for initiation as the most infallible mode of proving his innocence of the death of Cassius.

Candidates were required to observe very elaborate ceremonies of prepara-

tion before entering the Mysteries. For instance, there were laborious acts of purifying the body through special bathing in sacred rivers, seas, etc. Some were sprinkled with salt and water or bathed in specially prepared oils. Others were required to lave their hands in the dripping blood of sacrificial animals slaughtered for the occasion. Fasts, prayers and continence were also required.

Before initiation, all were fellow-citizens. Afterward they were known to each other as brothers and, being so known, help of any kind was always supposed to be given to anyone needing it. Signs and tokens were invented that the "Children of Light," as they called themselves, might be known to each other and thereby make their wants known.

Initiates were taught that by practicing virtue, they might skip many incarnations. By this means the soul might hastily be freed from the circle of life and death and restored at once to its source. Were the virtues not practiced, the individual might expect due reckoning. For instance, the punishment for errors of the flesh was enacted allegorically through the exhibitions of monsters, horrible animals and other gruesome sights. Thus arose in later years, the doctrine of transmigration. This was never taught in the Mysteries but so it came finally to be literally interpreted.

There were two types of Mysteries, the Lesser and the Greater. To the Lesser Mysteries every one was admitted and remained a novitiate from three to thirty years, the time varying in the various Mysteries. After due and fitting initiatory ceremonies, such a one was ever taught more and more lofty truths as he could comprehend them. The Lesser were merely preparatory schools for the Greater which followed. All the Mysteries were graded, the candidate passing to ever higher and higher degrees; his advancement depending entirely upon himself. Words, salutations, phrases, etc., were frequently exactly the same in both the Lesser and Greater, but

in the Greater much more secret and abstruse meanings were attached. Clemens of Alexandria says, "What was taught in the Greater Mysteries concerned the Universe and was the completion and perfection of all instruction, wherein all things were seen as they were, and Nature and her works were made known."

The ceremonies in both grades of Mysteries were at first few and very simple, which form was maintained to the time of Cicero, 40 B. C. Then gradually they became more and more elaborate until some initiations lasted from three to nine days and were accompanied by dramas, sacrifices, etc. As the rites become progressively more elaborate and complicated, they became increasingly more degraded.

The different degrees came into being as the numbers became unwieldy. It seemed always paramount to have an inner Apartment of the Temple where only a favored few might know the deepest secrets and therefore wield the power of authority.

The Mysteries were finally utterly ruined by the priesthood through their gradual acquirement of luxury, pride, vice and power.

This apparent death of the Mysteries took from the world the blazing Star of Light and Spiritual Illumination which had guided men ever forward and upward to greater and greater heights. Our world was plunged in intellectual and spiritual darkness, for the chalice which had contained them had been destroyed.

There remained scattered over the world only the smallest nuclei of wise and courageous men, who continued by word of mouth to hand on from generation to generation these spiritual teachings. So secretive were they and so carefully guarded were their gems of knowledge and wisdom that the multitudes knew nought of them. It became continually more difficult to gain entrance to these societies and were one minded to join, he might easily spend a life-time ferreting out one of these so-called secret bodies, only to find his entrance blocked because those within

feared him as a traitor and as not honorably seeking the Ancient Wisdom.

During the Renaissance and its distinct revival of learning, these secret societies gradually but guardedly expressed themselves outwardly in the guilds or traveling bands, some known as Masons, who went about Europe founding schools, working at this or that craft, constructing shrines and helping with its great Cathedrals which even to this day are the real jewels in the spiritual crown of Europe.

The more courageous, those who dared give the teachings somewhat openly as in the olden days, continued to be persecuted, as witness the Inquisition, the individual tortures of Copernicus and Giordano Bruno, etc. But the societies pushed on, increasing in numbers, spreading their teachings, leavening the mass. The Rosicrucians sprang into being, Masonry flourished and the Guilds prospered.

And see what we have today, to carry on the work which these various more or less secret bodies of men kept fanned to tiny flames. There are Masons by the thousands, Rosicrucians in somewhat smaller numbers, bands of people here, there, everywhere, studying, seeking and finding the Light, an Inner School within the world-wide Theosophical Society, the Llamas and their chelas of Central Asia, the myriad yogi and their adherents of the unnumbered East. Everywhere is it possible to find them. One has only to have the wish to know and then to seek the path. The Great Ones, ever watchful of humanity's progress, only wait the time that man may be reinstructed in the Ancient Mysteries.

We are asked only to take time to be

a bit more spiritual, a bit more anxious to serve humanity, a bit more willing to attend the necessary purification of our various bodies, a bit more alert in the acquirement of knowledge, that we may be made ready to receive that which they have to give. They desire us to choose to accept, to listen, and the words of Truth will be made manifest.

The Mysteries will most certainly be revived, for do we not need, in a somewhat different form perhaps, the very truths which were taught in them ages ago? Can anyone deny that we need better and cleaner bodies, more honorable methods of dealing with our brothers, more charity and tolerance for all, and more perfect love in our own souls? All these virtues and many more were a part of the Ancient Mysteries and we need them so very much now. The ceremonial need not be so gruesome, terrifying, disgusting or fearful, but it can be made beautiful, uplifting, harmonious and, when properly worked, so full of vibrant life as to draw down on all of us who may contact it a veritable flood of power and wisdom and spiritual understanding. Would not such a baptism benefit every one of us? Could we possibly experience such a downrush of all that is great and noble and holy and not go forth more fully equipped to do good in the world?

Such will be the revival of the Mysteries. Men will be made whole and clean. Peace and harmony, in so far as men observe and practice what they will have learned within, will reign. Life will take on new aspects. God will be seen in a new light and "The Kingdom of Happiness" will be found within each human heart.





CIVIC SERVICE

More Wisdom---Less Crime

(With a Side-Light from Bishop Leadbeater)

Herbert Radcliff



The rapidly increasing number of crimes in America in recent years are causing deep concern to all thoughtful people. Quite recently there have been such particularly fiendish acts, especially against innocent children and women that the whole nation is at last stirred to the realization that something more suitable must be devised to combat crime than the present methods which have proved hopelessly unequal to the alarming situation. Many of the worst crimes are committed by young men who have been released from penal institutions, and this repeated experience is demonstrating that these institutions intensify criminal tendencies instead of diminishing them. Records show that from 50 to 66 per cent. of incarcerated offenders are "repeaters," that is, they have been in jail before; and when one remembers that many who commit crimes are not detected or convicted, one is safe in assuming that probably eight out of every ten who have been released from prison are apt to continue their anti-social careers. One can therefore understand the statement of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, after his many years of experience on the bench: "Money spent on criminal courts, prisons, and other instruments for making criminals and increasing criminality, is worse than wasted. It is a sowing of the wind from which already we reap the whirlwind."

The situation is bad enough even in normal times when the defenses of society break down and crime triumphs over peace and lawfulness, but it is worse in extraordinary times like these

when it is estimated that every year some 500,000 people are committed to our criminal institutions, not to mention about 200,000 additional delinquent minors, many of whom may be potential criminals. This is a very large army with anti-social tendencies and, although it sounds alarming to say it, we are in the midst of a serious conflict between the criminal and the peaceful classes, with the latter getting the worst of it, and the time has come when all serious-minded citizens should give earnest attention and co-operation to plans that will safeguard their progress and security.

Fortunately the very seriousness of the situation has at last aroused and drawn together a number of prominent leaders who have organized a nationwide commission for the study and diminishment of crime. It is composed of publicists, jurists, statesmen, social workers, and others, and their wide knowledge and experience give grounds for hope that the subject in all its phases may receive the thorough study it merits and that some measures of permanent reform may result.

How deep-rooted are the causes of crime in almost every part of the fabric of our individual and national life, and therefore how difficult is the fact-study work of this new organization, will be evident as one reviews just a few of the many factors in the problem. For example, it is known scientifically that prenatal malformations of the body often result, during and after adolescence, in an abnormal physical and nervous structure that is easily thrown off balance in a great emotional

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or mental crisis that leads to an uncontrollable criminal act. Psychology, sociology, and biology have demonstrated the fallacy of the old-fashioned notion that the criminal is a single-factored deliberate perpetrator of wrong; rather is he, like every other human being, the result of a number of circumstances, including prenatal conditions, heredity, environment, and economic and social stresses over which he has almost no power of control. It is known that malnutrition, poverty, defective eyesight, and hearing, diseased palates and tonsils, are all important contributing, definite factors to the committing of crimes. Imbecile or criminal parentage and environment are almost inescapable impellants to violent acts. Fortunately, the eugenic sterilization of congenital idiots and incorrigible criminals (already legally approved in some states) will gradually diminish crimes from this source. Sexual diseases and inversions are contributing factors to crime. Another is the keenly competitive and ruthless spirit of modern business life, and the inability of the mentally defective or the weakly characterized to survive without recourse to subtle methods. Our incomplete educational methods are also responsible since they teach by rote rather than by reason, and waste much time by imparting useless information instead of giving the practical manual training that would enable the poor to earn a fair livelihood and lead a decent life. The failure of orthodox religion (which is still preaching intellectual and moral concepts contrary to reason and scientific knowledge) has left a large class without the restraints of true religious guidance and evoked only derision and contempt from youthful minds of the criminally inclined. Another factor is the recent World War, with its glorifying of war's wholesale murder and its proof of the ruthlessness of civilization, which are the back-wash of every war, and make their impress in the receptive emotional and mental attitude of peace which follows the aggressive attitude of war.

While these are general factors in the present astonishing prevalence of crime, there is a more important specific factor which deserves special treatment from some more learned student of the occult laws of evolution. It is that America is giving birth to a new race—a mental one—and that this is a time just preceding it when all the emotional vices of the older races that are in America's melting-pot must first be brought rapidly to the surface in order that they may be skimmed off to leave a residue of purer, more intellectual virtues and capacities for the new race. It is this ebullient process which is largely responsible for the restless actions, emotions, and thoughts which characterize this "jazz" age; and as the development of emotions always precedes the development of mentality, it is inevitable that this hectic emotionalism (naturally uncontrolled when a restraining mentality has not yet been developed *pari passu*) should be a prolific source of excesses in every direction.

It will thus be evident that the National Commission for the Study of Crime has a large task on its hand and should receive encouragement and assistance from all who are working for the good of the world.

While many different agencies for the preventing of future crimes are being considered, instituted, and perfected, there is pressing need for dealing with the present problem of criminals *now in our institutions*, or to be committed there in the immediate future, before the new reformatory measures require our present "crime-factories" to be razed and supplanted by more efficient buildings. What to do with these many thousands of inmates, how to treat them so that when they are discharged and left to mingle once more with the community they shall *not* be more distinctly anti-social (as at present) but peaceful and law-abiding, is a vitally important question that needs to be rightly answered now if the present orgy of crime is to be lessened.

An interesting hint of a possible solution to the problem may be drawn from the way that Nature herself pro-

vides help for backward egos in processes of evolution, a special treatment that brings them more quickly to the level of the more advanced. Why might it not be utilized by us in this emergency? Are we not told to study Nature's laws and to work with them?

As all esoteric students know, the occult view of humanity is that it is composed of many grades of varying character and intelligence according to their age in evolutionary history. These grades range from the most advanced, called "first-class pitris" to the most backward, called "seventh-class pitris." For purposes of illustration the saint or the brilliant genius might be conceived as a first-class pitri, and the most primitive cannibal as a seventh-class, with all the other types as intermediates.

More than twenty years ago a friend of Bishop Leadbeater wrote to ask him for further details about a special method of evolution—a little out of the regular order—known as the "Inner Round," which is used to expedite the progress of some of the backward egos. Herewith the Bishop's reply:

"The subject of the Inner Round is one of which but little has been said, because our information with regard to it is as yet very incomplete. Since the conclusion of the First Round there has been life representing all the various kingdoms upon every one of the seven planets, and this of course means that there has been population upon each—the Shista or seed spoken of in *The Secret Doctrine*. These populations form an interesting study, and are usually found to be composite in character. On Mars, for example, at the present moment we find some human beings at a lower stage of development than any now existing on this earth—apparently the descendants of those who were not fit to pass on when the Life-Wave moved hither from Mars; but we also find another race broadly speaking equal to ourselves, and the egos animating this set are those who are following the line of evolution described as the Inner Round. It seems that a second-class pitri who raises himself considerably above his fellows

has the opportunity of entering upon this Inner Round scheme of evolution as one of the methods by which he may overtake the first-class pitri. If he qualifies himself for this by his unselfishness, his next birth may be not on our Earth but on the planet Mercury. If he joins the small population at present existing there he will spend upon that planet about as long as he would otherwise have spent in incarnations in one Root-Race, and at the end of that period he will pass on to an incarnation upon the astral planet F, where he will spend a similar period. Thus he will travel round the chain much more rapidly than does the Life-Wave, and will consequently overtake it again after it has passed from the Earth to Mercury. He will then have made an entire journey round the seven planets in the time which he would otherwise have occupied in going through the seven Root-Races of one planet; but when he thus overtakes us he will be a first-class pitri, by reason of the extra development which he obtained on those mental and astral planets, A, B, F and G. The receiving station for that Round is simply the spot on earth in which a man who has taken that journey first incarnates upon his return from it. It is under the direction of L., the Head of the Lodge to which your friend M. belongs. He receives those who arrive from other planets, and gives them a quiet life of preparation in his hidden Mexican City before he turns them out to incarnate in the stress and strain of this wicked world."

Divested of the technical facts, it will be observed that backward egos are thus secluded, taken out of the main current of evolution on this earth, and given an intensive training in smaller communities on other planets. Thus they have an opportunity to make specially rapid progress and, so to speak, "skip a grade" in school—in the school of life—and catch up to their more advanced brethren.

Why could not some analogous method be used for the proper treatment and training of those found

guilty of committing crimes? They are backward egos, morally speaking.

Though one has to use the odious word "criminal" in dealing with those who fall afoul of the law, we possess no thought of anything but humane interest, sympathy, and an earnest desire to help all concerned; for everyone who has a wide experience of life knows that hundreds of thousands of people who have never committed a crime might have done so had they been placed in exactly the same conditions of birth, environment, necessity, and temptation that proved the undoing of those who *were* so placed.

Reminding ourselves again that our present abortive system sends even first offenders (sometimes men of education and character, the victims of misfortune) to our terrible penal institutions where they are thrown into contact with hardened criminals of the most degraded and vicious type and thus made more bitter against society, why would it not be wiser to establish an "Inner Round" of classified, model miniature communities (well guarded) within every State, at points not near any city, wherein an intensive training in right living and action could be given? These communities would not be the torture-chambers to spirit, mind, and body that our jails now are; they would be educative and restorative in the highest sense. They would be villages in miniature, isolated so escape would not be possible, but they would be quite complete in themselves as communities. They would be an Inner Round to expedite physical, emotional, mental, and moral development, under the paternal guidance of a wise government, under the direct charge of men and perhaps women of wider knowledge, deeper sympathy, fired by the spirit of service to the unfortunate, and equipped with the specialized training needed to give assistance to sick or backward bodies and souls. Such communities would be in charge of competent heads, vocational experts, physicians, dentists, psychiatrists, alienists, physical-culturists, bankers, shopkeepers, and all the other people needed

to take the lead in evolving and maintaining a model community. And the men committed there would be carefully classified, according to their prior training and knowledge and their present need, and then assigned to manual labor, study, sports, and recreations, those necessary for their progress. Among those now in prisons are highly capable men in their lines, physicians, lawyers, bookkeepers, shopkeepers, artists. In our model communities they would be put to work where they could express themselves according to their capacity, according to their needs as determined by those in charge. Their lives, while necessarily restricted, would still leave them relatively free to pursue the avocations of normal, wholesome physical and mental existence and to receive the medical and other professional assistance necessary to a proper diagnosis of their condition and capabilities. Possibly also the products of their community labors might be sold and the proceeds used to lighten taxation or to go to their own destitute families or even to the families of their victims as a restitution for harm done.

These model communities would need to be graded so that their inhabitants would be of a quality that could sympathetically and peacefully intermingle. Communities of the *first grade* might be composed only of first offenders in the minor crimes, so as to be free from association with the more repellant and degraded ones of the worst crimes. By this plan, the lives of such men would be devoted to the single-ideaed task of "making good." They would have a graded course of work and instruction that would rapidly force upon them the lessons they needed to learn but which they would not learn in the outer world if left to themselves. They would have sports and relaxation; but as the purpose of the plan is to speed up their training, their pleasures would be proportionate to their needs and capabilities and not to their whims. And so this extra time might be utilized to hasten their cure and upliftment to the norm. The re-

ward of shortened sentence for "good behavior," better still, for excellent work and progress, could also be used so that these probationary citizens would give the most concentrated attention to their education.

The result of this plan would be that at the end of his term and restoration to liberty, a man would feel better towards society, be better equipped to face life's problems, and therefore the hostility against the community would be very much less than it is under the present system where there is a very general conviction that a term in jail simply confirms a man in his criminality.

Communities of the *second class* would deal with offences more serious, and therefore with intelligences less capable of response to the methods just suggested. But they would be similar in kind, and they would confer the utmost measure of liberty and of opportunities of progress for all. The unique feature of this graded system would be that those who showed special aptitude and willingness could be encouraged by the hope that in time they might be advanced to a community of the first class from which they could be graduated to full liberty and citizenship in the outer world.

Lastly there would be communities of the *third class* for the congenital criminal, for the incorrigible repeaters, for the unhappy derelicts who frequent our jails, for the monsters of crime that are so abnormal that they must needs be kept apart from normal society, perhaps on distant islands. These criminals would need the rudimentary lessons of hard labor, such measure of sympathetic instruction as they could appreciate, and such complete isolation as would teach them something of the sorrow and suffering they have inflicted upon others, by solitude and hard labor giving them time to reflect upon their awful crimes. There is a possibility

that a few of these cases might after a long training advance to the privileges of the second class communities. Needless to say, this plan would end the need for capital punishment, and would give opportunity for some measure of life and progress even to the most debased.

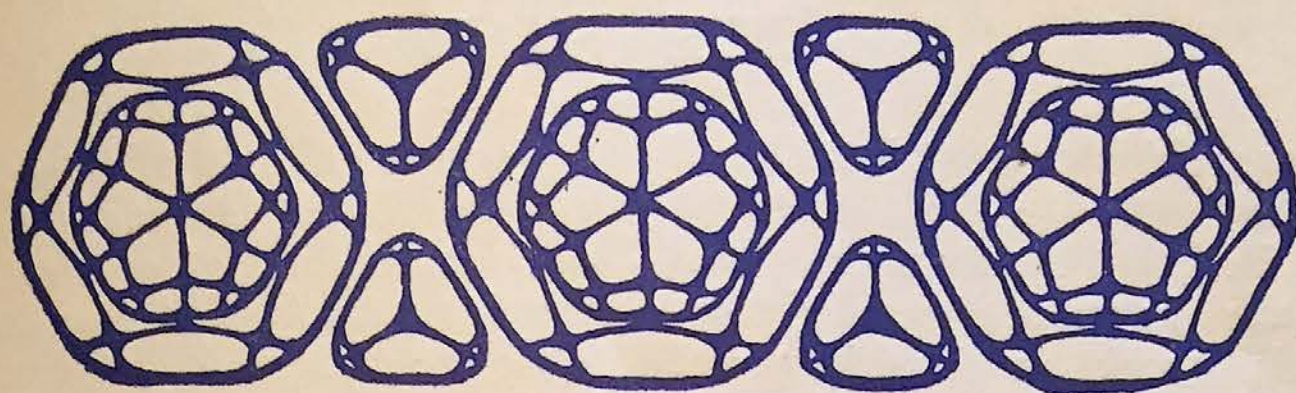
To summarize, we may say that the great increase in crime has shown that our penal institutions are obsolete and need to be replaced by measures more in line with our better knowledge of the causes of crime and the helping of backward people. Crime is often the cause of uncontrollable factors like criminal or imbecile heredity and environment, physical and nervous malformations, and other things needing psychological and curative treatment rather than punitive measures. Educational methods need to be changed so as to fit the young for a self-supporting life, and religion and science need to be broadened to the wider demands of this new emotional and mental age. While these measures will diminish crime in the future, the thousands now in prisons are being made more confirmed criminals. To stop this, it is suggested that graded, miniature, model communities be established to give intensive training in right conduct and lawful self-support by actual experience with practically normal conditions of life. There would be three grades of communities, according to the severity of the offense and the mental and moral status of the offender, and advancement from the lowest to the highest and complete liberty would depend on the individual's work and study.

In the absence of something better, this plan might be the beginning of a system of corrective education that would make life safer and happier for the community and save those who are weak morally from being swayed by every storm-wind that rushes on them in the wild wastes of their arid lives.

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Try with consistent attempts to conquer the prominent weaknesses of your nature by developing thought in the direction that will kill each particular passion.

H. P. B.



The Inspiration of Art

Arthur L. Wilhelm

In this little talk on art let us brush aside phases that we may think important. Let us not concern ourselves now with the dreary, long-whiskered drabs, puttering with their pigments, or with the senseless and inane fights between the modernist and the conservative. We will have nothing to do with them.

Instead of talking about the so-called "art" of the day let us consider the inspirations of art. Better yet, let us consider the source of all beauty and the glory of all art! Let us watch the Master Craftsman use that marvelous force that we know as creative imagination.

We will not know much about this force until some future dream-winged dawn, because when we know about creative imagination we will know much of the divine. Also we will know quite a bit more about ourselves.

What I have discovered by watching the Great Artist at work has given me absolute assurance of the existence of *Some One*, infinitely great, who toils behind the scenes.

I hope that humanity will cease to take the creations of this Mighty One as a matter of course, that it will appreciate them as great works of art, and will come to see that this art has a vast place in the lives and minds of humanity *as art*. The hills are beautiful and glorious, but do we consider them as living works of art done by the Master Craftsman or will they ever be just hills?

To me this, the created world, is the great art—the true art, the only art worth being concerned about. The force of creative imagination that is our gift must in a measure, if used

truly, be patterned after the forms that have already been created by the Master Painter *plus our own conception*.

So much of what I know as absolute truth, and which I have proven time and again, eludes me when I try to put intuitions, those flash perceptions of truth, on paper. I stumble and falter for I am dealing with tremendous forces—forces that created the universe as well as every atom.

Haltingly and lamely I type in cold words a story of facts that have given me peace and joy—facts that I have found which leave me thrilled utterly!

I want you to watch the Great Artist at work on the physical plane! To-day, tomorrow, eternally! I want you to watch Him, the Great Designer, the Master Craftsman, build and sustain His World. Out of the invisible into the visible I want you to watch Him form His creatures, I want you to see absolute Perfection, absolute Beauty and all done as an artist would sweep his brush against a great canvas or a great sculptor would chisel from the lifeless stone.

That is the Art I want to talk about. The one Art—and the one Artist!

This great Artist plays with form—moulds it to his will with substance. Some time I want to write again on primary form. I shall not talk of the occult in discussing form. Because it is something that you can touch and handle and see its limitations, and approach its possibilities.

There are but five forms in all the universe—five and no more. These are the square, the triangle, the circle, the half-circle and the quarter-circle. No more in all the worlds! Everything is

built in these molds or combinations of these molds.

How infinite is the variety and choice of the Great Designer. Let us consider His work on the physical plane and understand in a measure how *he* works and how *he* brings these forms into being and fills them with His life. Surely there can be no truer Art than this and the joy of it is that we, in our limited capacity, which in turn is infinite, can imitate the Great Master, can follow Him in His work and in a measure become creative Gods ourselves.

You must accept for the time being the statement that there are but five forms possible. Later it will be taken up in detail. For argument's sake accept the theory. Every art student knows this.

A scientist probes into the mysterious laws of nature. He finds mechanical motion, perpetual and unchanging—mysterious, it is true, but mechanical. In it and its operation he fails to find a Super Intelligence or any evidence of a Supreme Being. He finds these laws applied without regard to emotion or feeling or personal inclination. He finds in them no tender mercy—no sustaining hand caring for humanity or for the creatures of Nature in the domain of the whirling atom. The fields of space bring him no evidence of a vast intelligence at work—it is the domain of mechanical motion. In the chemical laboratory his chemical reactions are unvarying.

The art student and the lover of nature—because they must be one—knows that all nature is being built on variations of these five forms. He too knows of the mechanical motion of the law of gravitation for instance, of the law of cohesion, but when he finds some hidden force in the invisible (if he ever does) using these primary forms as material, carving them with these mechanical laws into form and using *choice* and *selection* in the work, he is stunned. So few realize the import of what they see.

Then in studying the work of the Great Artist—this invisible One behind

the screen of matter, I found that the unseen molder *had knowledge of these mechanical laws of nature and used them constantly*. The idea that the universe was created and sustained by chance melted as snow in the sun.

Let me tell you what I found and where knowledge of natural law was used in creating the natural form and in arranging for its propagation.

The wild cucumber pod hanging on a fence in the cold autumn wind of a Minnesota town attracted me. I observed that the Great Artist here had used the spherical form in making the pod. However I discovered that there were but two conclusions possible as to the distribution of the seeds—either the cucumber had knowledge of the law of gravitation and had intelligence, or the one who molded it knew. At the bottom of the little pod there had appeared two small slits. This allowed the seed to drop out to the ground and to be planted the ensuing year. How, I ask you, can you explain the appearance of these slits in a position where the law of gravitation would help propagate the seeds, unless some intelligence placed them there. Again: The beautiful milkweed pods. No hole is bored in the seed pod for the heavy seed to fall to the ground—no—the knowledge of another natural law is evident. Either the milkweed or its designer knew of a natural force called wind, air in motion, and built the seed accordingly.

Did I hear some one say "That is just nature and its way?"

That is true, yet an untruth—a half statement and yet a full statement which answers nothing at all. It is an evasion.

Again, what does the rose tree know of such emotion as defense and attack? How can a tree understand that unless it has thorns, creatures will eat its branches? How did it happen that the thorn was so designed for piercing and tearing that the best human engineers have never improved on the model? Here is a plant sharing in an obvious emotional reaction—that of fear for its own safety.

Every flower stalk is built to withstand wind stress—again an admission of the fact that there was wind, and that unless cunning strength were placed at vulnerable points that wind would blow the plant over. Analyze this clearly—the plant had knowledge of air movement—the plant, or its creator, or Nature, as you will. All plants are built to withstand mechanical stress. They are reinforced at joint and stress point. All our human engineers do is to find out from nature the best way to combat these mechanical forces in building the structures of civilization.

Every time it snows there come into being countless trillions of snow-flakes, each a perfect hexagon crystal, gorgeously beautiful and each one a perfect design. It is geometry carried out to the "beautiful nth degree." Wilson A. Bently, Jerico, Vermont, has taken over 50,000 photographs of snow-flakes and he has compared his photos with other snow crystal enthusiasts *and he has never found two alike!* It hardly seems that chance would be so variable and so prolific in design. Snow has been falling on this old Earth for ages and Bently does not think that in all that time there has been a duplication of crystal form.

To any one who has studied design these facts mean but one thing, *some tremendous artist* is at work behind the scenes.

These marvelous examples of the Master Craftsman are forever being placed in front of us, and always there is one great primal exaltation contained in every one—and that is Beauty.

I am not disturbed about the trends of art. I know that both the modernists and the conservatives are working something out. When humanity has advanced further these problems will in

a measure be solved. The answer, I am sure, will be a greater and wider and more glorious Beauty.

The futurist of today paints his pictures that deal with cold facts of the mind or with the distorted "mud" of the lower emotional world! He will paint better some day with better understanding I am sure and he too will find Beauty. He has it now, perchance.

To me Beauty is the end and aim of art. Also it is the end and aim of life.

Do you want to see the Great Artist at work? Watch him paint on His canvas "Ten-league—with brushes of Comet's hair"? He uses for His brushes the unvarying laws of nature and His paint, O dreamer, is what we call matter and His canvas is the Field of Evolution.

O, come with me, Beloved, into the far forever where the great deep sweeps away into the outer solitudes! O come with me and watch the Great Artist fill his gleaming skies with stars! Listen to the vast harmonies of nature, the sonorous crash of the thunder, the rhythmic beat of the sounding sea, and the soft sweet chant of the falling rain. See the flower draped shoulders of the great hills where the poppies caravan in the sun. O, his brush stroke is there where the dim blue river sweeps through the corridors of the mighty hills. At the feet of the great pine, green arms outstretched in the sun, sleeps the violet lifting its trembling beauty to the dawn, and there He is. Said Arjuna, eternal spokesman for evolving humanity, in the *Bhagavad Gita*, that epic of long ago:

"Thou art the Supreme Eternal, the supreme Abode, the supreme Purity, eternal, divine man, primeval Diety, unborn, the Lord!"



The Song of Joy

Mary Morris Duane

The Lord of Love who is the Christ has, as I have pointed out, one command—Love, and this is no sentimental command to weakness and easy morality but the most comprehensive word in the vocabulary of man. One reading of St. Paul's summary of love will clear away a false conclusion of the word and one hour of living up to this conception will remove all thought of light and easy sentimentality. Love as defined and lived by the Christ and His true followers is a path which leads through suffering and sacrifice to joy. For the joy that was set before Him, the Christ endured the Cross. Always the new-born Christ follows the path to joy by way of the Cross. The sacrifice of the lesser to the greater is only for one born into the Christ consciousness or world who can see this lesser or greater good or hear the voice of love in the heart.

Thus the Master Jesus spoke "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The unborn babe cannot hear the sounds of a world into which it is as yet unborn. This was not a reproof, merely a statement of a scientific fact. All true religion is science. There is no division in truth. Where the division exists is in the mind of man filled as it is with half truths. The half-gods go when the Gods arrive, might well be changed to the half-truths go when the truth arrives.

All science is but yet dimly understood by man but, whatever the scientist truly sees with the eyes of the mind will be found to square with the facts of the Universe which is one law, one truth, one God, one love. All life is hidden in mystery to the inner mind of man. Door after door will open and some will close again into the infinite life but, never will the mystery of life be solved by finite mind. Above and beyond the human mind the unknown beckons and calls.

In the atom and the star, life and its mystery call to man but the mind, the unknown within, has become once again

the great undiscovered country. It has in the past been sounded by the *thinkers* of the race, but much of their knowledge has been buried with them and their civilizations.

Again the great within calls to men and "Know Thyself" is the latest call to the scientists of earth exploring the hidden recesses of the mind. Now the Christ pointed this way to men in every word of command. He desired the kingdom of heaven which is a kingdom of joy and He said "Look within and you will find it all in your mind." He was the greatest of psychologists because He knew what was in man and this secret He proclaimed to all—"Within you is a potential Son of God. Find Him and all the universe is yours."

The Scientists of today have given many long names to this great Kingdom within, the subconscious mind, the subliminal self and many more, but they are just beginning to explore this great unknown country which Christ called the "Kingdom of Heaven." It has a landscape still unmapped by man. Its great resources and riches are just beginning to be known, and the country is still in the hands of explorers unable to comprehend its amazing beauty and richness. Many will be blinded by the brilliance of its sun, many will be led astray by greed for its gold, many will be lost and frozen on its lofty peaks, and in the great sea of the subconscious, many minds will drown. The only safe guide to the unknown is Christ, for He is the Master of this country and with Him, man is safe to wander and explore. He is the King of the great within and by following on the path He trod, we cannot lose our way or go astray in the fog and mist of ignorance or doubt. Of this path and the way, He speaks.

How shall we explore this great unknown region of the mind below and the mind or consciousness above the normal physical consciousness of man?

It is wise, venturing into a new region of the world as yet unexplored, to take a guide, one who knows the country. In this world of the within, to whom can we turn for guidance who knows the country and speaks with authority of the path and the truth and the life? There is but One Guide who knows—the Christ—and we will consider His word, listen to His voice, and watch the way He went in His manifested life with us on earth; for, in following Him, we may venture into the great within and fear no evil for He is with us.

The Guide, the Christ, pours His admonitions into the ears of the Soul before she starts on her journey to the great within, the Kingdom of Heaven. Story after story is told of this Kingdom, analogy after analogy pours from His lips into the ears of His disciples and He speaks again and again of "the narrow path that leads within and few there be who find it." Above the sounds of earth His voice sounds calling to the Soul "this is the way." Many unborn have not yet the ears to hear, but those who have and who follow the call find the path and begin the journey into the undiscovered country of their own Being and are on the way to becoming Sons of God, younger brothers of the Christ.

The way of the soul to the full-grown Christ is the way of the child from birth to death of the physical body—one of growth and danger. For this reason the child from its earliest breath is surrounded with helpers or caretakers. A normal child has first the great mother-love, the father's care, the nurse's thought and watchfulness in its early stage of physical life. The new-born child is completely unconscious of all this surrounding life and thought for its welfare and of all these, to him, invisible helpers; for his consciousness is in the physical body, and knows only heat and cold, hunger and desire. Slowly, as we know, his physical senses adjust themselves to the earth condition and knowledge comes of all the life about him and others—loving hearts and hands so busy in his service.

Thus he learns to function in the physical body and to take his place as he grows to maturity in the world of men.

So with the new-born Christ in the Kingdom of Heaven, all unconscious of the Mother-Father-Love in which His Being reposes, or of the many invisible Helpers who surround the cradle of his heart, He lies sleeping, growing day by day into the stature of the fullness of Christ. As he grows to boyhood and has passed from the hands of his nurse, he enters the school of life and His Master appears, for the pupil is ready. Then, as in an earth school, come the good days and the bad, lessons learned and unlearned again, tests of courage and endurance, and finally the graduation or initiation into the world of men where he must take his part with the other Sons of the Father. In this world his knowledge of his Father, his nature and his love have grown day by day but, only when he is at last in the battle of life itself, the world of the full grown Son, can he appreciate the Father in His fullness and rise to the meaning of His Plan for the sons of men.

As the night of earth represents the time of rest and sleeping to the physical child, so the period of unconsciousness to the infant soul is a night of rest between his earth lives. He is the same soul growing and learning in each life as does the child after each night of sleep and wakes to each new day or life, a little older, a little stronger, a little nearer his full manhood. But his Father, his Teacher, his home, and his individuality, are unchanged. So the Soul, even in the Father's House, watched by invisible Helpers, grows to maturity and becomes a Master of Life, a helper in the Father's House. The law of growth can be traced from world to world, one law, one way, one Father of us all.

To return to our world within where the Christ points the way to the younger brothers on the Path. He gives very definite commands to his disciples for all time, and these commands are so profound that when the Christ in each soul of man has grown his full sta-

ture they are still the foundation and the principle of practice.

Let us meditate for a few moments upon these commands as written down by the disciples of the Christ in Palestine. We will take the summary as He gave it to them, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind and with all thy soul. This is the first and Great Commandment." Let us bow in Silence before the Lord our God. As we bow in Silence before the thought of God, our Souls are filled with the Light within and the knowledge of the Father becomes clearer and clearer. We see with eyes of the soul some little of the beauty of holiness and our inner ears open to the song of joy which is the song of

love in all the spheres of heaven. Some of the infinite melody of heaven pours into our inner being and we sing with the heavenly choir, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

Through all our bodies pours this divine life as we bow in adoration, the heart wakes, the mind knows, the soul sings again the song of joy. "With Angels and Archangels and all the Company of Heaven, we worship and adore." From this meditation we must go forth into the world of men carrying in our hearts this song of joy and as we go among our brothers, the song must ever ring in our ears until each Son of Man shall know we have loved the Lord, our God, and heard the song of joy.

Waiting for the Sunrise

Hamilton Stark

The will to achieve is common to all normal people. The song of victory, the note of triumph, is a very satisfying sound. But the exhilaration of a conquest just for its own sake is so obsessing that the successful person yearns to know the joy of increasingly greater conquests. The desire to achieve in a creditable measure, becomes the urge to excel and to lead all previous records. The imagination having become fully aroused and fired with the heat of strategy, the keenness of rivalry drives the contestants to immoderate lengths in the endeavor to outwit each other in the exercise of dominion.

There are a comparatively few men who have wonderfully well developed brains, highly specialized minds that perform prodigies of planning and creating, backed by wills so powerful that all ordinary obstacles are easily overcome, and greater ones only give zest to the matching of wits with adversaries. Such men are fine examples

of the possibilities of attainment, but rutable their objectives do not recommend themselves to those who understand more of the nature, method, and purpose of existence. The Master said to Krishnamurti: "In all the world, there are only two kinds of people—those who know, and those who do not know, and this knowledge is the thing which matters."

Just what is success? Our illustrious examples, the great men of commercialism and finance; the plotters in secret with designs upon the holdings and rights of other persons and nations, have as their incentive for their best efforts, the acquisition of wealth and power in *unlimited* amounts. They perfect organizations that are of much credit to their cleverness, but always the purpose is contrary to the best interests of the general welfare. But they are tempted and aided by the stupidity of the inert mass of common people. The heirs to a unique opportunity for the building of a happy

commonwealth are achieving a travesty that is unqualified tragedy.

A very brilliant man, after thirty-five years of rigging the stock-market, perpetrating "washed-sales" and other dark devices of the game, helped to bring about a financial calamity that enriched a few, but impoverished the speculating public. It was nothing new in itself even to him, but on this occasion he had been tricked by his fellow-bandits into betraying his own clientele in a manner contrary to his code, the customary rules which served to ease his conscience in such transactions. Therefore, to make amends as best he could, Thomas W. Lawson spent more than \$300,000 and much of his time for more than two years, in trying to arouse the people at large to a sense of how they are being robbed by all traders in money; men who produce nothing but "made" dollars, so that our top-heavy credit structure is burdened by billions of supposed money that has no existence in fact. He showed from an inside knowledge, how the people are induced by strictly legal concerns to part with real money in exchange for so-called "bonds" that mean nothing but fraud. The intent of the buyers being to increase their wealth through the taken-for-granted magic of gambling, so that they may live by their wits instead of really creating wealth by useful work, the willingness to get something for nothing or at the expense of others.

However, in conclusion, he devoted an article in *Everybody's* magazine in 1906, to showing how the plain gullibility of the American people who want to get the best of one another, and who are foolish enough to believe that it can be done, is to blame for the system that is reducing them all to economic bondage, with all its concomitant afflictions. On page 409 of his *Frenzied Finance*, Mr. Lawson puts the case in a pointed paragraph: "The love men have for the formulas and conventions of their daily lives is the 'Systems' opportunity for plunder, and it is this fundamental principle of humanity that makes my (present) work

so difficult. It would be as easy to convince the masses that their playing cards are all wrong, and that the ace is really of less value than the two-spot, as it is to awaken them to the terrors of the conditions that are confronting them; to compel them to realize that a despotism of dollars is being organized among them; that the cherished institutions of generations are the instruments by which a few daring schemers are concentrating into their own hands the money of the nation, and that this concentration can have no other result than the abject slavery of the American people."

Those brilliant tacticians know how to take advantage of human psychology, and while they have no sentiment or scruples about the principles involved in our attitude toward nationalism and kindred matters, they, with cynical contempt, wave the banners of "patriotism" and other mocking devices that do duty for us in lieu of true political wisdom and Pythagorean public spirit. Arthur Brisbane said: "The heavy business men do not want people to think." He could also have told us that their organizations operate through all sources of information and channels of education to manufacture opinion in the interests of those who benefit by waste, gambling, and war. The deluded multitudes suffer from their own prejudices—their preference for ignorance and distorted thinking. Our school system encourages memorizing the dicta of "authority," instead of developing the power of reasoning and rational thought. The child must be encouraged to analyze logically, rather than to memorize what some one else says or is reported to have said. Recourse to extravagance, gambling, and destructiveness will prevail as long as mentality remains confused.

We must squarely face the facts. We are groping in the dark, afraid to let in the light, or to assert our freedom from respectable conventions, and it seems that our resultant plight is so portentous, that we are to have the aid of a Great Leader who is indicating the way. He cannot do more than His

predecessor who declared: "the truth shall make you free" *when we want to recognize it*, and which we have failed to do. The inspiration of His nobility can of course be of greater benefit to us if we really want to wake up and promote the general good. Much rests with us. There is no vicarious at-onement. All we can hope for is encouragement. Realization comes only through personal effort. We alone can break through the confining shell of our limitations. Perplexing problems will always arise, no matter how fast

or how far we progress, but as soon as we live in agreement with the law of growth, life will become a joy instead of a burdensome struggle. The relish of endeavor and accomplishment will then be its own reward in accordance with true living. When the inspiration of the majestic World-Teacher lifts us out of our ordinary selves, into a state of profound resolve to do our best forever afterward, how we will all wish that we had been doing our utmost to make our world a place of wholesome happiness.

An Idler at the Camp

Ommen, 1927

The wheat fields shone golden and bowed to the morning breeze. The same wind moved the clouds floating against the blue sky. The same golden light rimmed their ever moving forms.

The pine trees spread their green needles out, responsive to the sun and breeze and made music in the air. The hare-bells, blue as the sky itself nodded in simple unity to both light and breeze in silent happiness and humility. And as I meditated I felt strangely at one with all. As the wheat nods in the sunlight its grains are ripened. With what trust and confidence it grows. No waste of its perfection can exist. Its grains feed many. None are lost. Its stalks serve as bedding; they thatch the houses keeping out rain and heat and cold. Its decaying roots feed the earth for a finer harvest the coming year. It asks naught for itself of love or appreciation. Its happy, radiant, existence filled with the sun of life, invigorates and strengthens many; out of the simple fullness of its existence it adds to the nobility of all. Sown and reaped, stacked and harvested, ground and distributed, by wise and patient hands, such is its earthly destiny. What of its joy and beauty—surely this also lives on; and its desire for life again calls into being the Spirit of the grains.

Conscious co-operation is perhaps a great step beyond the unconscious, but in our self-consciousness we must be as the wheat—simple, trusting, joyous, beautiful, unconscious of our own simplicity and humility, of our strength and its distribution. So as I meditated, the great unity of life filled me to o'erflowing; but such peace, such gently swaying radiance, can only endure for a season—for me as for the golden wheat. I must be content to wait its seasons. But what has been, remains.

★ ★ ★

We sat in the round ceilinged room listening to the reading from the unprinted poems of Krishnaji, while he rested upstairs. No sound was heard in nature and the tapestry reflected in the great mirror was as the view from the huge windows looking out upon the silent wood and gentle stream flowing in the meadow. All seemed lost under the spell of his unconfined vision of unity and love—the great cosmic, impersonal love which is liberation. In so being and loving I felt how it was that naught could mar the happiness. The freedom that comes with such a knowledge, such a vision, once seen! His Spirit and love brooded over us surely. . . .

The reading ceased. . . . Then the

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agreeable buzz of happy, quiet voices and slowly moving figures broke the spell. Some slipped silently away to dream out the dream for themselves. Some sat unmindful that the words had ceased, or ever even had existed. Longing for the woods I stole out with bowed head feeling that if I could retain the spirit I had imbibed I should "see the wood god seated in his place," but light and shade on the mossy ground beneath the great trees revealed nothing of him to me. I could not find my "beloved." It must be that one could not find him specifically anywhere until one discovered him in all things everywhere. Else such a longing and faith to see my beloved, as Krishnaji saw his, could not go ungranted. Was I asking for a miracle with miracles all around me? I smiled and leaning against a huge beech abandoned myself to the enjoyment of the stillness of the forest; and in that unheeding, desireless moment I felt myself sink into that noble tree even as Krishnaji's tears joined the waters of the pond and found no difference. In the very frankness of its being its bark became soft as a green gray violet cloud and it embraced me to itself so naturally! I felt the Spirit of the tree was, in that short moment, as my own. It took me into its gentle, strong flow of life and I became as it was, in root, in sap, in bark, in fiber. Like Daphne at the touch of her lover the great tree had taken me unto itself. It seemed to say to me, "I wander not about seeking to do service, yet feel my life, my love, my freedom!"

At the thought and simile the oneness vanished. I was gently pushed out, as it were, and at the same time I realized the tree was not conscious of its branches, roots, and waving leaves, which now seemed to me to send out such a radiance; not conscious of the sky, the clouds, the birds upon its branches. The great reason of its being and its goal was just to be itself, selfishly itself, so mindful was it of its own value in the world about it, and as I longed to retain the simplicity, the strength, and frankness of its being, I realized I must be as it had been, ready

to embrace and enfold a longing passer-by, and share with him unconsciously the unity that unites all things.

In being frankly myself, unconscious of my use to the world about me, flowing with the sap of life, many might find comfort in my shade and happy dancing leaves. Daphne loved not less, but loved more freely in her bondage of the oak tree. Its very being was liberation. It was Apollo, who longed to bind and hold, who lost his love. And a deeper meaning lay in the legend for me.

The love which lasts is impersonal. The strength which helps is unconscious of its helpfulness. The spirit of things is liberation itself. Unity, strength, and peace surround us on every side despite the seeming differences. Would more could find as the tree had taught me, joy and freedom in their bondage! We share all life together, surely there are no differences, all are one and oneness is liberation. Unity must be taken for granted. In seeking it and making comparisons we are pushed out, or push ourselves out, and create a separateness that is foreign to the divine spirit of unity.

As I recall the spirit of that tree, strong in its own fulfillment, I realize I must, being a moving creature, go where the gods bid me go, yet remain as that tree, rooted to the earth beneath and the heavens above and draw God's mighty power into perfect unity with all things. Rooted to the spot, it asked not for more diverting fields of action. Enough for it that it fulfilled the nature of its being and strove in peace for its own goal, unmindful of its shade, its sheltering branches, dancing leaves, and quivering top stretching upward to the blue skies. The same in rain or sunshine, amid others of its kind, or alone in the simple grandeur of its own silent fulfillment. So, for a moment I had lifted the veil and glimpsed for myself a fraction of Krishnaji's vision, interpreted according to my special need.

★ ★ ★

Dawn upon the Himalayas! This was to me the first realization of the

presence of my Beloved. It took me to its patience, wisdom, gentleness and love, and as I sit here at Ommen, outside the confines of the Camp, this light upon the fields is advancing towards high-noon, and again I feel the presence of my Beloved. I had thought that I had left Him there in the Himalayas and that only there in memory could I find Him.

As that dawn sank into my being and took me to itself, so am I now part of its more vibrant, active hours of the approaching noon. This ever-growing radiance calls to me for response and unity. I rejoice in its calm vigor. I become an instrument for light and sound and color.

I am as a harp to its vibrations, my body, mind, emotions, with their various blending notes, respond to its light-rays I seem to be creating music I hear it not I *am* the music. Tuned by unfailing love and intuition, I am in accord with my Beloved and am sounding forth His deep strong glory.

This ever growing light plays upon us as the gentle breeze plays upon an Aeolian harp in the mellowness of an Indian night, so as I sit motionless, invisible hands play upon my strings. I glow to the strength and tenderness of my Beloved. No jarring note of light or color can be detected by the Angels of Light Themselves.

The dawn rose over the Himalayas, and I was as one sleeping in the arms of my Beloved, but now I realize this light that warms my body, urges me to action. I am awake!

My music swells to the climax of high-noon, the trombones sound and the bugles call, the drums resound Hunt, oh men, for your Beloved in the strife of life. The notes of pain and anguish that you hear must needs ring out. They are the bugle calls of sympathy with your Beloved, and with Him ever near they blend in conscious harmony to enrich the music of your lives.

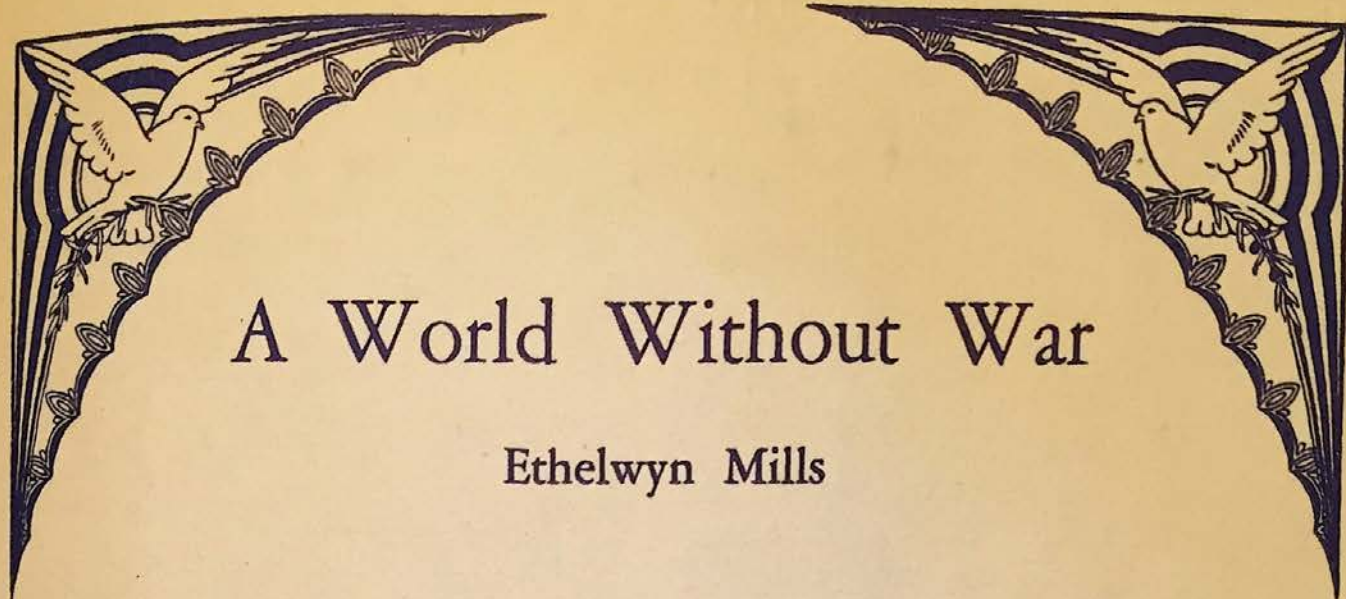
A single note, clear as a tolling bell, yet silent as suspended breath, denotes

the hour has struck The message has been heard! It awakens by His love and light the sleeping souls of men, that they may learn, as I, to be receptive, and to strike no note of discord in the high-noon of their lives to mar the beauty and separate them from *their* Beloved.

The outgoing breath has ended. The active theme of the earlier melody is now repeating, but in a lighter more joyous vein. It seems the message is being answered, I feel the echo mingle with the rays that move my harp to melody Soon the tones will die away into the more delicate ones of lengthening shadows but the siren in the distance sounds shrill notes of warning to the wanderers from Camp, that the workers have prepared the mid-day meal. Krishnaji would have none late and seemingly thoughtless, yet I hesitate fain would I sit and feel the finish of the symphony of lights. But my Beloved seems to lift me slowly, and with my harp well tuned I rise to join my fellow campers. Such sweet music must be playing as I go, assured I am it may continue in peace unto the end; assured of the coming calm of sunset, distant still; assured of the silence back of Krishnaji's voice as we shall sit about the Camp fire; assured of its echo when he leaves us there to our silent meditations; assured that I shall lay aside my harp and sleep once more in the arms of my Beloved.

Some day I shall see the glory of His Face and Form! Till then, play on in unity and love, oh harp, with each new dawn, unwearied. Naught of thy music can be lost, for from thy self alone it did not come. It cannot die. It is the music of my Beloved. Other harps may take up the light-rays in more distant fields, but well I know some travellers have stopped to hear thy strains and answer back and go their ways refreshed.

I too am better for thy unquestioning faith, oh harp. Together shall we make sweet music daily, ever responsive to the touch of my Beloved.



A World Without War

Ethelwyn Mills

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more."

It is many thousand years since these words were uttered by the inspired prophet of old. There are times when it seems as if the task involved were an endless journey and a hopeless goal; and at best, we have been accustomed to think that the freeing of the world from war means long and weary labor, a process of a thousand steps, and a fulfillment of our hopes many generations ahead.

Ten years ago a considerable portion of our civilized world was virtually submerged in blood—human blood drawn from the veins of splendid youth, whose bodies lay wounded, torn or dead on the battlefields of Europe; many millions of men were in training that they might slay still larger numbers of their fellow-men. The passions of hatred, fear, lust, and violence stalked abroad by day to invent more deadly weapons or to discover more ghastly poisons, that they might add to the terror of our international insane asylum. And side by side with this—no, more like shining threads woven in and out in a black and rotten fabric—the men themselves, their fathers, mothers, wives and friends, flashed splendid devotion, high motives, and fine ideals, most of which have since then been trodden in the mire, and which at best but poorly assuaged the anguish or healed the wounds of the bleeding nations.

A strange picture! And only a decade gone.

Nine years ago the cry rang over the world, "lay down your arms," and listening eagerly to one who suggested unity, consideration of the rights of others, peaceful means of security, co-operation of all, the weary armies responded; the cannons hushed their roar, the wings of the warplanes were still, the men put aside their weapons, and the nations *did* lay down their arms.

Was this a war to end war? No.

The governments of the world today stand bristling with suspicion of each other. The white man brutally and arrogantly pushes his way through the orient, and the yellow peoples in turn are learning the white man's ways of violence, and hurl at him their hatred and distrust. Even the white nations between themselves cannot agree on a plan of disarmament, or on the strengthening of methods of law and reason in the settlement of their quarrels. In the meantime, so-called science has forged ahead in the perfecting of instruments and means for quicker, wider spread, and more horrible war-slaughter. And only the foolish or uninformed person today would deny that we seem to stand only a step or two away from a yet more gigantic war, in which perhaps the orient will be pitted against the occident, involving indeed the whole of the world in unimaginable terror and misery.

What are we going to do about it? Are we any nearer the cessation of war today than we were ten years ago? I think we are. But listen to this: I think we stand now, this year, at this

time, and in the months just ahead of us, in a crucial situation, almost in a breathless moment when the balance will be struck, and mankind either will make up its mind to pull itself out of international war once and for all, or war will drag mankind and our vaunted civilization to the bottom of the abyss of shame and destruction.

This is not a message of despair, but a message of hope. We can do something about it, and we can swing the balance towards a world without war, when peace shall reign.

My first suggestions concern us personally. Let us disarm ourselves; let us be true apostles of peace; let us so live that we shall be radiant with the light of understanding and brotherhood in every relationship. It is almost a truism to say that if people of one nation really knew the people of another nation and understood them, and could cultivate personal friendships back and forth, each giving due weight to the characteristics, national traits, and hopes of the other, it would go a long way towards bringing peace.

But we are very slow and often reluctant to lend ourselves to efforts of understanding and personal friendships with people even of our own nation who, because of social customs, inheritances, or other outward barriers, seem to be quite different from ourselves, and seem to be opposed to our own interests in one way or another. If we understand not our fellow-men at home, how can we understand our fellow-men abroad? If you don't know how to understand people who are very different from yourself, I'll give you a prescription: treat them well. Give them your utmost goodwill, in the look of your eye, in the tone of your voice, in the words you speak, in your thoughts about them, making allowances always for their seeming ignorance, stupidity, lack of charm or character, which you don't understand; and give them credit for a like amount of goodwill, and a desire to be just as good citizens as you yourself would like to be.

I saw an officer of the law the other

day administer an oath to seven people at once. When one held up his left hand, the officer said, "Your right hand, please," and the person replied, "I have no right hand." How can we tell what unavoidable lack a person has, which makes him different from us? I am talking about the kind of people we meet as our next door neighbors; the people who ring our doorbells and want to sell us shoestrings; the people in troublesome committees; the people who jostle against us on the sidewalk or in the street-car; our associates or competitors in business; the citizens of the United States who have black, brown, red, or yellow skins, and who, in our inexcusable arrogance and ignorance, we white Americans are accustomed to regard as our inferiors. If we don't understand them and learn to live at peace with them at home, how can we hope to abolish misunderstanding and quarreling abroad?

Another thing which stands in our way, is our reliance on physical force as the solvent of our problems, as the settler of our disputes, almost as the arbiter of our destinies. It is an ancient bit of philosophy which teaches us that there are three attitudes or ways of meeting evil, which are progressively enacted not only in the history of an individual, but in the history of the human race. First is the method of sloth and indifference; a friend of mine calls this the "jellyfish stage;" you don't care enough about yourself or your rights to make the effort to combat evil. Most of us individually, and the majority of the race collectively, have passed this stage. Second is the stage of much activity, of an emphasized individualism, of claiming our rights, of demanding what we call justice, of disciplining the enemy, of protecting ourselves, of working with physical weapons and force, and of bolstering up law with armies and instruments of physical power. It is in this second stage of activity that most of humanity live today.

The third method is that which conforms to the mind of the Christ, which was given to us in His teachings when

he walked in Galilee. It is called non-resistance, goodwill, love. "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." If you pray for anyone, you can't hate him, or at least you can't hate him very long. The word non-resistance has been misused and not very well understood. We don't seem to have any one word in the English language which expresses very well what the great teachers and leaders have meant when they advocated it. What they seem to mean is this: Non-violence physically, and positive goodwill, mentally and spiritually, as an active force.

Try it for a while. Picture it working to heal all inharmonies in all relationships. It is very difficult to disarm ourselves of reliance on physical force. This is a form of *fear*. We always want to be the ones with the most power, and power for ages has meant physical power. We want to be the first in peace, but we also want to be the victors in war. National defense looms larger than brotherhood. We cannot disarm the nation of its reliance on physical force, until in a large measure we disarm ourselves.

Another thing which we shall have to lay aside for ourselves, before we can free our nation, and through our nation, the rest of the world, from war, is our desire for national gain. We gloat in our prosperity. We should hate to have it taken from us. To many it seems as if we gloss over and varnish with lies the facts of our relationships with weaker peoples. I claim that until we correct our mistakes, we cannot free our beloved country from the fruit of selfish desire, which in our world-life at the present time is war.

And having purged ourselves of that which makes for dissension and strife, let us lend ourselves to that which makes for harmony and peace. In your practical personal life, leave no

stone unturned, no word unspoken, no act undone, which will make you a true exemplar of understanding and love.

In your intellectual life, be as intelligent as you can, and gain all the information possible concerning international affairs today, but learn to discriminate between that which makes for brotherhood and peace, and that which makes for divisiveness and war, and give your sanction only to the things which unite.

In your spiritual life—pray for peace, meditate upon it, hope for it, long for it, every day of your life. There is a lot of unintelligent and unorganized good-will in the world. In your spirit, do all you can, first, to increase the volume of good-will and peace-thought in the world; and, second, to help create a definite channel through which the unorganized good-will of others may flow. It is with this in mind that there have been distributed thousands of copies of a beautiful prayer for peace,

"O Hidden Life of God, outside which nothing can exist, help us to see Thee in the face of our enemies and to love Thee in them: so shall Thy peace spread over our world, and Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven."

I suggest another peace meditation, and as you repeat the sentences, think of them not alone for yourselves as individuals, but also for the corporate self of our country which yet may lead the world out of war. The sentences are these:

I disarm myself of desire for national gain, of prejudice, misunderstanding, fear, and reliance on physical force.

I carry love with me as an inner condition, sending it forth to manifest outwardly as good-will, fellowship, cooperation, and peace, among the nations of the earth.

So much for the personal side of the picture.

(To be continued)



Discipline of Children*

The Counselor

The question of discipline and indulgence of children constantly arises, and since the tendency towards indulgence and the aversity to discipline are more or less racial, the subject is one that will do us all good to discuss.

Discipline with most of us has come to mean punishment merely because it is usually administered to children *after* they have annoyed someone. Punishment and discipline are two very different things, although usage has interchanged their meanings. Discipline comes from a Latin word meaning disciple—one who learns.

Punishment is the opposite of reward, and usually signifies the pain inflicted for committing an offense. It savors of revenge, and tends to promote future discipline through fear. To rule through fear is the poorest kind of discipline. It robs the child of his courage and self-confidence and does not accomplish the object for which discipline is intended—to modify, refine and control unruly tendencies that conflict with social customs and demands. Furthermore, it robs one of the right kind of incentive for right action which is a desire to *make oneself better*, instead of *doing better* because one is afraid to do wrong.

In studying the instincts as they ap-

pear and express themselves from babyhood on through adulthood, one is confronted with the fact that all instincts are crude in their first manifestations—or due to selfishness and unkindness—with one exception, the maternal instinct. We might call it the paternal instinct since it appears in boys as well as girls. All other instincts need modifying, adapting to social demands—civilization—for in their natural expression their animal origin is all too apparent.

One often hears it said that children are in reality “little animals” and certain it is there is a great similitude. The captive baby orang-outangs in their “talk,” as well as their actions, are the counterparts of human infants. They are as playful as young children, and respond to their keepers with an affection that changes only with maturity, and even then only in the male who grows more and more morose and sullen until he reaches a stage of ferocity. The female orang-outang seems little affected by maturity and remains gentle and affectionate.

All instincts, if not active, are latent and potential and come into expression in the natural order of their evolutionary development as a rule, although circumstances and environment often call them forth ahead of their time. The maternal instinct is latent in all of us, and more easily expressible in some than others, it depends on the individual ego. However, it can be called forth and used to modify the crudeness of the more primitive instincts. The

* Letters and questions from the young people may be sent to the Counselor, 2123 Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif., and are especially solicited that help may be given to solve those problems which confront us all in our early efforts to make our lives and our unruly selves fall into line.

fine development of this instinct is often seen expressed by the oldest child in a family toward the younger ones, but proper use is not always made of it by the parents.

Responsibility is the keynote of the maternal instinct—responsibility toward all younger children and one's fellows. Just recently an incident was told us that demonstrates not only the ferocity in the male descendant of the male anthropoid, but the fine quality of the maternal instinct. A small girl and a boy about the same size stood on the sidewalk watching a baby smiling at them from a baby-carriage. The baby suddenly began to cry, and its father, who had left the carriage standing while he went into the store, hurried out. He took one look at the small boy standing there and jumping at the conclusion that it was he that had caused the baby to cry swung his huge fist out and struck the child a blow across the face, hurrying off with the baby-carriage and leaving the boy stunned and howling with pain. In a flash the little girl had the boy in her arms, comforting and soothing. The child was a stranger to her, but the very injustice of the blow brought all her maternal instinct to the fore and she was all mother in the way she wiped away his tears and cheered him.

The beauty and power of this instinct should be recognized and used by parents. We have seen little children eagerly friendly and lovable toward the "new" baby, and we have seen them totally unconcerned, even contemptuous. The unconcerned child is as a rule a selfish one—one who desires for himself more than he cares to give. This is the child who needs the maternal instinct called forth more than any other, since it is the only instinct which includes the higher type of emotions, love, generosity, altruism, kindness, and responsibility.

Therefore the most efficient type of discipline is that which calls forth the sense of responsibility in the individual toward his playmates, or fellows. On the other hand, painful punishment, as usually administered, calls forth and

develops the primitive instinct of self-defense, fight, anger or worse yet, fear—that demoralizing agent that robs us of courage and honesty, two of our finest characteristics.

There are so many "eldest" children who are pushed aside on the arrival of a younger child that longings, jealousies, and dislikes are originated even in very small children, and small and unimportant as they may seem at the time, are as full of future trouble and mischief as a seed is full of the future tree and its fruit. Each older child should be allowed to feel that he has a share in the care and protection of the younger one, a share of love that he must express in thoughtfulness and protection. This is the only remedy for that loneliness that comes to a child when its place as the sole object of attention has been taken by another, for we all know that the best panacea for any form of jealousy is to love the one of whom we are jealous.

If a child is only a child this instinct of protection and care may be called forth in relation to his playmates. A child thus taught responsibility is pretty apt to bring in to his mother many stray cats, dogs, and little playmates for her to "mother" and instruct; but this is far, far better than to have him become one of the "strays" because that finer potential of character has no need for expression.

There is a great dynamic urge in each child that pushes outward in a succession of expressions through different ages and stages and they are all steps toward a common goal, maturity, manhood. When parents or teachers try to subdue this urge, to hold a child back from its goal, deny the expression of those tendencies that are leading to manhood, they not only do the child a great wrong, but are employing the very method that develops weaklings, rebels and criminals. For in connection with this urge towards perfection are many instincts, one of which is the imitating instinct, and just as surely as a child is robbed of his right to imitate and assume the

fine traits of manhood—such as independent judgment, freedom to pursue his innate interests, and more than any other, right to assume responsibility—that dynamic urge which is stronger than any controlling factor a parent may use, will force itself into devious routes, and in co-operation with the imitating instinct will assume those undesirable traits which spell manhood to the youth. Denied the fine and strong he will express the crude and weak. Is it any wonder we have so many youths mimicing the drinking, smoking, gambling, and sex-indulging habits of other men? They have not had the opportunity to develop those fine strong and noble traits of their innate manhood, protection and responsibility.

There are two main objects in educating and training children and these are, that when they mature they may be able to earn an honest living and that they may become fine and efficient parents themselves. I ask you in all sincerity do the public schools or the home training teach either of these things?

Four years of college may, if the choice of subjects be wise, give the ability to earn a good living, but only about 10 per cent of our youths go to college! What about the ninety per cent that are headed and pushed by modern circumstances into early marriages or worse than that, into an immoral evasion of it; how are they to earn a livelihood? And what is their attitude towards the two things which nature demands of them—independence and parenthood?

What the schools do not give the parents must, and it cannot be done by parents having confused ideas about discipline, punishment, and indulgence. Punishment through fear and indulgence weaken the characters of our children. Punishment does not teach a child to discipline himself, a thing we must all learn to do sometime in the course of our evolutionary development or lose the race toward the

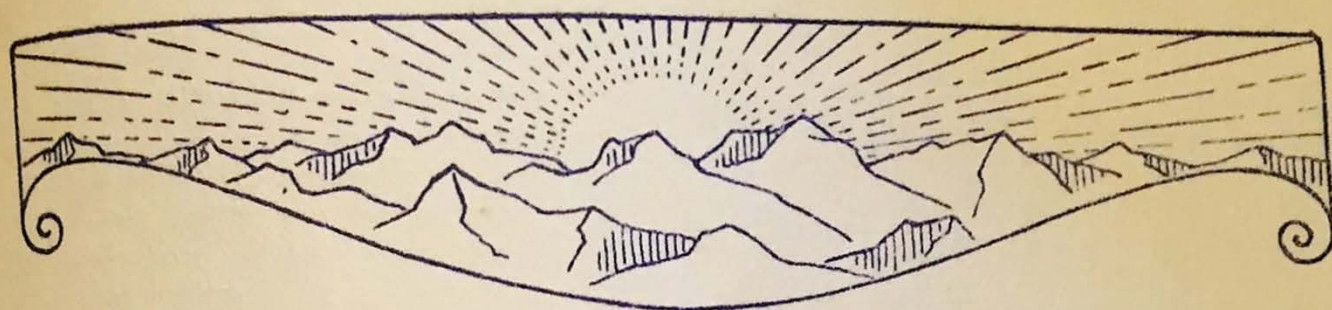
great goal. And neither does indulgence do aught but defeat the natural aim—a perfected manhood. It does nothing but *cancel* any form of discipline; it weakens the value of a principle and a character; it develops desire and selfishness and breeds a restlessness that seeks more, more, more pleasure, more excitement, more indulgence, until that great controlling factor and builder of character, *Will* is weakened to futility.

How often have I heard parents, kind and indulgent aunties, and fond grandmas say, "Oh give it to him, he is only a little boy!" or "Let him do it, it will make him so happy!" And how many times have I seen mothers and fathers finally give in to a persistent teasing or wheedling after emphatically saying "no." This is indulgence, and so are bribes.

If certain rules for conduct are made because one considers them necessary for the child's welfare then by all means live up to them. It is usually the parent who breaks the rule first, only to wonder why their children fail to mind them later, or why they fail to have any respect for them when that strange, defiant, weaning-away-from-home instinct begins to make itself manifest in the adolescent.

Parents of children who attend the public school must realize that the teachers are imbued with an unconscious disdain for parents (and there is a reason for it) and without realizing it the suggestion of the inferiority of parents is voiced again and again in various, subtle, and even open ways. This is one reason why children get so unruly after having attended the public school for a number of years. Unless parents establish a satisfactory mode of discipline for their children when they are little, they will never be able to reorganize it, or regain the hold they have so thoughtlessly lost after the young colt has gotten the bit in his teeth, or after his respect for his elders has been undermined.

(To be concluded)



Out of the Everywhere

M. R. H.

THE VICE OF MODERN YOUTH

That life should have a very deep meaning to the youth of today, and that it should be meat and drink to search it out, is the essence of the message that Will Durant, Ph. D., will soon bring personally to the people of California. In his *Story of Philosophy* he has written:

"So much in our lives is meaningless, self-cancelling vacillation, and futility; we strive with the chaos about us and within; but we would believe all the while that there is something vital and significant in us, could we but decipher our own souls."

And now the learned philosopher is trying to *speak* the meaning to our souls of the vital and significant question of vice in the youth of today, and with what understanding it should be met. We must be wise and "know that the little things are little, and the big things are big, before it is too late—we must see them in the light of eternity."

The question of the vice of our youth is universal and needs a wide comprehension. Formerly vice has been a smothered, vile monster creeping hiddenly and viscously about beneath the skirts of civilization; but now it has come forth and in the youth of today is meeting a Siegfried who will eventually kill it, but who at present *boasts* of its presence in himself, of his own strength, and even of his own vice and his possibilities of independent dealing with them. Dr. Durant points out that "they boast immorality. They pride themselves on their vices. But in spite of this . . . I consider them the finest lot of young people that the world has

ever known. Their transgressions are as nothing compared with the transgressions of their ancestors. The worst of all vices is *meanness*, and to the youth of today meanness is practically a stranger.

"They have the two great virtues of mental eagerness and audacity. They dare to ask, 'Why?' When they tread upon the precepts of the past, it is because no one can supply them with a good reason for doing otherwise."

Dr. Durant is greatly impressed with the eager, intelligent questioning of the youth of today, and finds that the most pertinent queries of the classroom come from the girls. All are so earnestly trying to be good and yet human and natural. He maintains that "to be good does not merely mean to be obedient and harmless; goodness without ability is lame; all the virtues in the world will not save if we lack intelligence. Ignorance of vice is not bliss, it is unconsciousness and slavery; only intelligence can make us sharers in the shaping of our fates. Freedom of the will is no violation of causal sequences, it is the illumination of conduct by knowledge. Provincialism and the other faults of adolescence are better than the terrible diseases of senility."

The doctor thinks it is the insistence of youth for knowledge of sex that will lead them out of the problems in which they find themselves; the eternal question "why" will be answered for them. Then they will understand their place in the social and moral scheme of things.

Dr. Durant warns against measuring the standards of the present by those of the dead past. He therefore recognizes that "Egypt is buried under

the sands; that the Acropolis is a litter of marble fragments; that Rome is a legend that great Empires and great eras have risen only to fall. He admits that to all appearances 'one-half of the world is killing the other half and then committing suicide.' "

This erudite philosopher does not think that there is more vice today than in the past, but we have more newspapers and therefore events and things are more generally known. We should not undervalue the achievements of permanent usefulness such as speech, conquering the dark, and the light, the air, etc., and men will also achieve virtue and make it actual and permanent.

So he has faith in the evolution of the youth of today—the citizens of tomorrow; for "the spirit that demands justification and knowledge is the spirit that reforms."

The people of the Southland and other parts of the West, are looking forward to the lectures of Dr. Durant as outlined above from his books and from the *Examiner*.

HOW FAST CAN YOU READ?

Dr. Frank Touton, director of educational research and service at the University of Southern California, has completed a survey of one thousand high school and college entrants in order to determine scientifically the comparative reading ability of students.

The ability to read rapidly (the eye to encompass the words on a line), depends on how many times the eye is required to move, and this helps to indicate the standard of intelligence of an individual. Each movement is a mental picture, and is regulated like a camera exposure or flash. Dr. Touton says:

"Reading is a mental picture-taking process, with the eye used and regulated as is a camera and students should be trained to see more at a glance. Getting all the meaning from a printed page depends in large measure upon the size of the picture which individuals take with each eye movement. The poor reader must put together the pictures of letters and words, or words and phrases, while better readers see whole phrases with one glance.

"Focusing the eye on fragments of words takes as much time as to focus on a group of words, each forms a complete thought. Readers should be trained to get a complete 'eye-view' through focusing on large units."

Dr. Touton found, for example, that in the line "*Hay fever is very painful, though.*"

a brilliant student focused the eye in five eye movements, in the student less brilliant the eye was forced to move thirteen times for the same sentence. Dr. Touton conducts the Thorndyke intelligence tests which are given at the University of Southern California for classification of freshmen and as an intelligence and mental ability guide through the academic careers of the college students.

The student of the Ancient Wisdom could explain to Dr. Touton that the facility to read rapidly and comprehensively depends upon the amount of attention and concentration that a person can give while reading. If the first stage of consciousness, *attention*, is well developed, and the student possesses the power to focus his mind intently on whatever he is doing, the eye has thus learned to be a direct agent of communication to the brain centers. In that case the movements of the eye are deliberate and intentioned—few.

To cultivate the power of focussing consciousness is one of the greatest necessities in the earlier stages of spiritual progress. But even though spiritual progress generally makes an appeal to the student that is more or less intangible, still he should remember that the first steps of that progress must be taken in relation to the control of the faculties of the tangible physical body. The senses must be trained, each one of them, to answer automatically to the faculty of attention. All the senses should possess the power of focusing consciousness on what they desire to contact in daily life. This brings the consciousness (which has become so diffused and complex in the long stages of evolution), to readily answer to the faculty of attention and to convey to the memory centers a direct knowledge of what is contacted. If they are not so trained they waste energy by flitting from object to object diffusely. The "flitting" stage of consciousness is a child stage of the intellect and of evolutionary development.

THE FRANCIS BACON AWARD

Another literary award has been added to the list of outstanding competitions, according to the news release from Simon & Schuster and the *Forum* magazine working in co-operation. There is to be an annual award for the best non-fiction manuscript submitted for serial and book publication to those two organizations. A very distinguished jury has consented to make the decision, and the sum of \$7,500 is to be the prize. "The aim of the prize will be to encourage and award both new authors and established writers," say the sponsors of the award. "The range of the contest is broad enough to include virtually any important non-fiction work which is based on sound scholarship and at the same time

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presents its material in illuminating and interesting form for the lay public." The name of Francis Bacon is appropriate, and the aim and spirit of the award are summed up in his celebrated dictum, "I take all knowledge for my province."

The jury consists of: Dr. George A. Dorsey, author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings;" Dr. Hendrick Wilhelm Van Loon, author of "The Story of Mankind;" Dr. Will Durant, author of "The Story of Philosophy;" Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, author of "Creative Chemistry;" Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, editor of *The Forum*.

With the Jury of Award will be associated a Council of Specialists, including: Dr. James Henry Breasted of the University of Chicago, Professor John Dewey of Columbia University, Frank Jewett Mather of Princeton University, Dr. Edward Grant Conklin of Princeton University, Dr. Vernon Lyman Kellogg of the National Research Council, Dr. Harlow Shapely of Harvard University.

In connection with the announcement, the publishers make the following statement: "One of the most significant trends in literature, of recent years, has been the ever-widening audience that has arisen for distinguished and authentic works of science, history, sociology, philosophy, psychology, and biography. Curiosity about the world in which we live is, apparently, deeper and keener than ever before. There has been evident an insistent demand from the public for the humanization and clarification of specialized knowledge. The Francis Bacon Award has been instituted to foster this clearly valuable tendency. The selection each year of such a work will unquestionably be an event of the first importance in the world of letters. In addition to the money award of seven thousand five hundred dollars, an emblematic medal will be struck off each year and presented to the winning author."

Publisher's Weekly

OLD RELIGIONS AND NEW

George Bernard Shaw, England's outstanding literary genius, says that men without religion are physical as well as moral cowards. In this country an increasing number of intellectuals have forsworn religion. Their example and teaching have influenced the young people. Recent statistics taken in American colleges show an enormous percentage of students as atheists, infidels or agnostics. Few are willing to admit that they have any hope of immortality. It has become unfashionable to have faith, and Americans dread nothing so much as being out of the mode.

We have gradually arrived at the mental state where we consider a profession of faith as an admission of ignorance. Intelligence and scepticism go hand in hand.

This in spite of the fact that man has al-

ways been a religious being and that no nation has ever survived without a God.

If more great men had the mind and courage of Shaw the future would appear more worth while for youth. There can be no doubt that one of the vital ailments from which we are suffering is the dearth of religious ideals, the atrophy of faith, the terrible need for God.

For today's child is in a maze. The churches have gone so far away from the teachings of the Christ whom they profess to worship; there are so many fakers calling themselves disciples of divinity, so many "Elmer Gantry" evangelists, who will mortgage their souls for a bit of publicity, that it is no strange thing that young people are puzzled as to the future.

But out of this jumble will come a new religion. Tomorrow's boy will make for himself a fine new creed with all the superstitions, the falsities, the mental hindrances cast aside. He will find some sweet and simple way to the God who has harkened to the prayers and watched the wanderings of man since the days when His wrath spoke through the thunder.

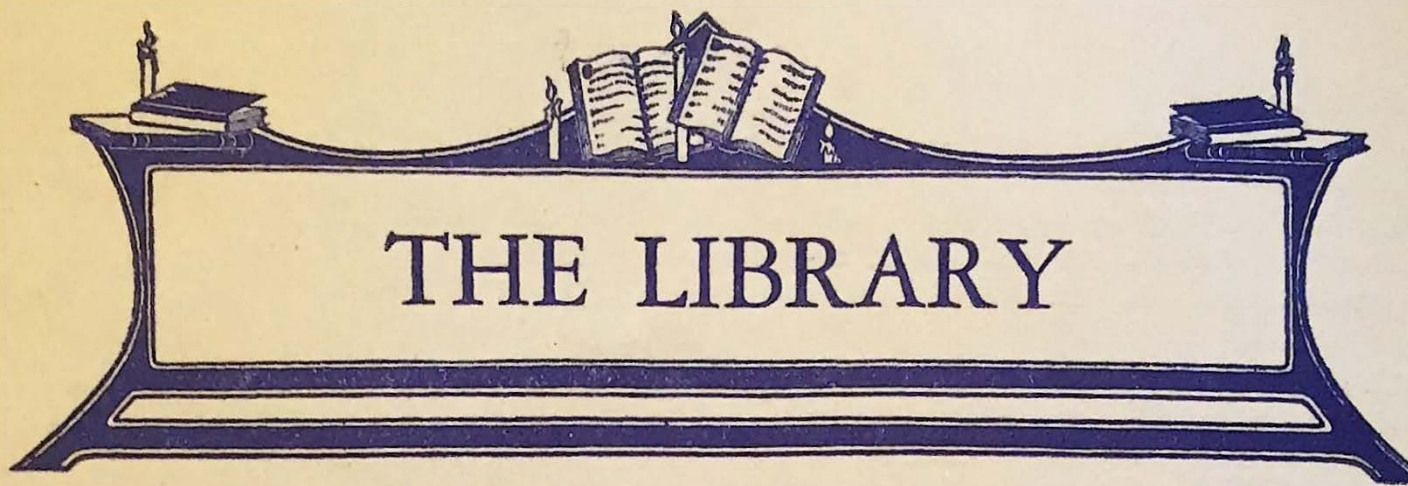
To survive America must have a new religion. It is not possible to go on as we are now doing, sneering at the things that abide in men's hearts. For, no matter how marvellous our minds may be, within us all there lives something deeper and more everlasting than intelligence—some urge for a deity to whom we may go when human aid fails us.—*New York Telegram*.

A CHILD'S CONFIDENCE

"How shall I go about winning my child's confidence?" many parents have asked. The following suggestions have been of help.

1. Begin early—as soon as the child can talk.
2. With an older child, begin today.
3. Take time for a talk every day—it's the most important and interesting thing you have to do. Bed-time is a good time.
4. Show an eager interest in whatever the child wishes to talk about, but never pry, and ask as few questions as possible.
5. Don't give advice, unless asked for. Then be wholly frank and honest.
6. Put yourself in your child's place; try to see things through his eyes.
7. Never criticize him or his friends at such times—don't even allow yourself to feel critical.

"'But if I don't criticize him or correct at these times,' you say, 'how am I to influence?' The answer to this is: Your child will be guided by what you are, rather than by what you tell him to do. If you show yourself to be thoughtful and sympathetic when talking to him, he is much more apt to become so himself. His conduct—good or bad—is only the outward expression of his inner feelings towards things. It is the inner feelings you must gradually influence."



Spreading Dawn

Basil King

A woman remarked after reading Basil King's *Spreading Dawn*, "Some of those stories have the best description of what happens at death that I know of. I realize now that death is just a stepping off into a different consciousness, there is no shock, no pain, only change. It is after all as simple as falling to sleep."

The transition of what takes place in a woman's soul as she feels herself slipping into the great unknown is admirably described in the first story of the volume. "Suddenly there was a change. . . . Curiously enough, old Mrs. Vanderpul found herself looking down. She felt some astonishment in the fact that she was doing so kindly . . . she seemed to turn—though the action was not so much a physical turning as it was a direction of the mind. She was surprised, yet not surprised to find herself at a distance from the great canopied bed . . . she herself felt the impulse to press forward—it was only thus she could describe the prompting—and see what they were seeing."

"Then Old Mrs. Vanderpul perceived that the expected transition had taken place without her knowing it, and understood that she was dead."

Each of the six stories deals with death. The plots are well chosen and different. They have an atmosphere of mystery, such as surrounds this unknown journey of the soul, yet at the same time they are entertaining. It is a book that most people would find difficult to put down once they had started it.

One of the stories that was particularly fascinating was about a man who had been shot to death by a jealous husband. He heard no noise at the time of the fatal shot, just saw the gun, and remained for some little time unaware that he had died. He saw that frightful things were happening all around, yet he was no part of them. He found that his only preoccupation was to communicate with the woman he loved. Passing through different scenes he was finally able to reach her. So earth-bound was he still, so strong was his last thought of her at death that he was able to mate-

rialize himself to her sensitive state of mind. Only her horrified expression at the apparition of him brought home the fact that he was now nothing but a ghost. Then began his wanderings through space, his visits to the familiar scenes of his life, and finally his dramatic appearance before the man who had murdered him. After that his struggle to keep in touch with the earth is gone, desires fade, time become indistinct and he is ready to step off into a new consciousness.

There is also the story of a man doomed on a sinking ship. Idealist to the last as he swims in the waters, he vainly tries to rescue a card-sharper. After death he meets his father, "There was a cry of astonishment. 'But—but my father's coming over. He's—I must be crazy! He's walking on the water!' And then the father was there . . . 'You see,' he said, as if they had been talking a long time, 'it's chiefly a matter of understanding. Our conditions Over Here are not very much different from what they were Over There. It's only because we get release from the prison of the five senses we get the free use of our minds.'" And then he explains to his son that even on earth, physical science had been trying to prove that matter was not the primal element, but that force was at the base of everything, the scientific men had practically blown away the thin veil of matter, but that earth-people still would not pay attention; but that if they did they would soon learn that death was the greatest of all myths. By the side of the son, ready for the heaven-world, is the card-sharper who in death finds but the distorted thoughts and purgatory of his own imagination. One realizes how the after-death world is adapted to the evolution of the individual.

The next story is that of a man who suddenly learns he has a fatal disease. Amazed to realize that he has only a short time to live he reconsiders his whole life, and discovers to his amazement that after thirty-two years of happy married life he will be glad to escape the endless worrying affection of his wife. He even feels that he has

outgrown his children, as they come and watch him with detached manner as he lies in bed. Day by day, he finds himself receding from the world, and peace enters into his heart. Finally, by the tears of his wife, he knows that the last half hour has approached, and that soon he will be thrust from his body a naked, quivering bundle of spiritual nerves. Then he becomes aware that his family are praying and he vaguely tries to join with them. All at once he notices that his pain has gone, and a voice which does not surprise him begins to talk. In the philosophic discussion which follows, the author seems well acquainted with Theosophical thought.

... 'Absence and presences are states of consciousness. When you've learnt more of infinity you'll see that it's so. I've been with you ever since what you called my death, and you've been with me.' 'I've been with you? I confess I don't understand.' 'You've been with me in the sense in which a sleeping man is with the waking one who sits beside him and watches. You've been dreaming of me.'

'I've been thinking of you a good deal—if that's what you mean?'

Then he becomes conscious that his wife and children are looking at him with eyes of piteous farewell. He sees each one of them bathed in a beautiful radiance. After some time, with astonishment he realizes that he is dead and is talking to one of God's angels. . . . And finally within the vision of God he is able to perceive his wife and children and to know that each one of them in his own way is carrying out God's plan, for everyone is part of God's life.

Then follows the tale of a soldier, who had married against the wishes of his family, and who had been forced to leave his bride, and to become with the vast army one spoke of a million wheels. He is taught the lust of killing, the frenzied hate at the sight of the enemy. He comes across a blue-eyed Bavarian; face to face they clash. His last thought is that he must get his bayonet through the man's thick body. He succeeds but at the same time receives a blow on the head that smashes it in as if it were an egg shell, and in death both men tumble in a fierce embrace.

"Lester's face was all smashed in, but Lester himself didn't know it. The last thing he remembered was the queer, soft, mushy feeling as his bayonet pierced the Bavarian's uniform and entered his body. His next sensation was of sorrow, pity and disgust. . . . He himself was safe—

somewhere—and the Bavarian had died. He didn't try to move, he was too comfortable for that."

He began to feel sorry, however, that he had killed the Bavarian. For he had no feeling of personal enmity for the man and perhaps he too was a husband like himself with a little wife waiting at home for a baby in an apartment. He soon finds himself talking to the Bavarian who explains to him that he is dead, and that he has given the highest proof of love by dying, for holding nothing back, he had given himself to a great cause of his own free will.

Then he is standing in the same room as his family. He pleads for tolerance and love towards his wife. His parents do not heed him, only his sister senses his thought and begins talking of the new wife. After that he is in the apartment of his wife. She is reading about Christ risen from the dead. He studies her pure face, and is able to follow her thoughts. He tells her he is near, that he is not coming home, and that there is no death. Her eyes become grave. She continues to read about the victory of immortality over death.

" 'Yes,' he told her, 'that is what has happened to me. Death has been swallowed up in victory. If strength and energy and safety and joy constitute victory, then I'm victorious. If it were not for you, O my love.' "

But she closed her book suddenly and rose. As she did so he could hear the words she uttered, almost aloud—

'I must do that. It's what he'd like. I must take it on myself.' "

And bravely she goes to the family who had refused to accept her, and tells them he is dead, and tries to bring them comfort. They refuse to believe her and think she has come to break down the social barriers between them. As she is leaving, a telegram is brought with the sad news. The dead soldier remains with them long enough to see that his family have changed and that henceforth they will accept and protect his wife as if she were their own daughter.

The last story is a simple human story of Jesus. It depicts a radiant and loving personality. To read the story is to be drawn into a compassionate presence.

This volume should interest any reader, and be of particular interest to the inquiring mind that is weary of materialistic thought, but yet not quite ready to accept the occultist philosophy. The book ably dramatizes the most mysterious and thrilling of dramas.

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2. To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.

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